Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BIDS FOR NAVAL DEVELOPMENT

The Navy department at Washington will on August 26th open bids for the construction of the various buildings at Coddington Point which are necessary to make this one of the most important of the naval training stations of the entire country. As soon as the bids are tabulated and the contracts awarded, work will be begun with a rush in order to get ahead as far as possible before the winter weather sets in. All the buildings will be of permanent construction, and it is expected that some 20,000 men can be accommodated here for training. That the whole available accommodations will be utilized as soon as completed goes without saying. The Government very evidently intends to develop Narragansett Bay to its fullest extent as a permanent naval base, not merely as a war measure.

Some work is already being done at the Point, as a preliminary measure. As soon as the spur track connecting with the railroad is completed, vast quantities of supplies will begin to come in, and accommodations will be prepared for the skilled and unskilled laborers who will be required to in the actual construction work. It is understood that the Government hopes to be able to obtain a supply of water for the use of the reservation without drawing upon the regular city supply which is now being used to its capacity. If so, the only apparent source of supply will be from artesian wells, and if enough can be obtained in that manner is more or less of a problem.

Newport cannot fail to benefit greatly by the development of the Point as a naval station.

Work on the new Federal building drags slowly, and it is now regarded as doubtful if the building will be ready for occupancy this winter. This job has suffered by the necessity for laborers in more essential war work.

August is more than half gone and autumn will soon be upon us. The political campaign will soon be in full swing, and it gives promise of being a lively one.

The repairs to Bliss Road will soon be completed, and that thoroughfare will be in excellent condition to the Middletown line, the easterly section having been improved last year.

Mrs. Mary A. Allan will make her home in Providence during the winter, in order to be with her daughter, who has been elected a teacher in one of the Providence schools.

Dr. Henry Clews observed his seventy-eighth birthday on Wednesday, and was the recipient of many hearty congratulations.

Mayor Clark Burdick seems to be reasonably sure of the nomination for Congress from this district. He will have a popular candidate.

BARBERS' STRIKE THREATENED.

A strike of barbers in this city is a possibility for next week unless some agreement or compromise is reached between the union and the master barbers before next Monday. The barbers union recently made a demand on the master barbers for a standard wage of $18 a week, with a percentage of receipts, and a half-holiday each week. This was referred by the master barbers to their September meeting for action. Now the union wants immediate response and has agreed to call a strike for next Monday unless their demands are agreed to.

The large number of men in the service here this summer has made considerable increased business for the barber shops, and some of them have more than the usual number of men at work. The master barbers say, however, that conditions are not altogether satisfactory for the reason that while things are quiet throughout the day there is a sudden rush during the late afternoon and early evening, which makes it necessary to keep a number of men on hand who have little or nothing to do throughout most of the day.

The walls of the old Bryer building on Broadway are being torn down and the large amount of stone therein will probably be disposed of for building purposes. The walls have been much of an eyesore to that locality ever since the big fire on the night of Dec. 29, 1912, when the Weaver building and other structures in that locality were destroyed by the largest fire that had visited Newport in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It is possible that the site of the Bryer building may be disposed of for building purposes.

A suit in equity has been instituted in the Superior Court by Mrs. George Cerio, formerly Miss Mabel Norman, daughter of the late George H. Norman, to remove fourteen people who are occupying lands about the Third Beach, and to compel them to pay rent for the time they have occupied the lands. The complainant claims title to the lands occupied by these people. The case is regarded as one of unusual importance, and it is quite possible that it may be hard fought.

A nine-year-old boy, who attempted to be enrolled for active service at the office of the local exemption board this week, was reluctantly turned down. He set a good example for some of his older brothers, but the board was unable to make use of his services because of the fact that the law is rather peremptory as to the ages of soldiers.

A motor boat containing a large supply of beer and liquors was seized by naval forces in these waters on Thursday and the alleged owner was turned over to the Department of Justice. A quantity of contraband goods was seized, this being the largest capture made since the barred zone was established.

The heavy rain of last Sunday morning acted as a damper on the usual Sunday crowds at the Beach, but when the weather cleared in the afternoon there was a fair attendance and considerable bathing. The rain was much needed, and the water supply is yet far below the normal.

The Newport police have been requested to keep a sharp lookout for the body of a man who is supposed to have been lost from one of the Sound steamers. He had a considerable amount of money in his possession at the time of his disappearance.

The men at the Naval Station here are having regular drills in repulsing air raiders. The signal for assembling for this duty is ten rapid toots on the Station fire alarm, several times repeated.

Mr. Arthur F. Leland, who was recently elected recreation supervisor of the city of Newport, has arrived and has assumed his new duties. He succeeds Mr. Harry F. Cook, who resigned some time ago.

Mr. A. Prescott Baker, a former well known resident of Newport, has been calling upon many of his old friends in the city. He is stopping at the Minnaonoan Club.

William L. Frank, Jr., has been appointed a regular carrier at the local postoffice, one additional carrier having been allowed to this office. More men are urgently needed, however.

Private Arnia S. Ruley, U. S. Marine Corps, son of Mrs. Rebecca Sisson of Washington street, is reported as wounded in France, the degree of his injuries being undetermined.

CITY AID NEEDED

A special meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday afternoon, in order to receive a proposition regarding the proposed new houses for Government employes that will be built in this city. For the purposes of convenience a corporation has been formed to build these houses, known as the United States Housing Corporation, incorporated under the laws of New York, of which the Government is the sole stockholder. Two representatives of this corporation came before the board and explained the proposition to the members.

Mr Prince said that the corporation had selected a site and will build thereon approximate / 30 houses costing about $7,000 each. The corporation asks the city to build and maintain the streets, sidewalks and gutters, and install sewers, the approximate cost of which will be about $36,000. The city is also desired to light the streets and provide necessary fire and police protection as well as schools, etc., for the children. The corporation proposed to do the work itself and then look to the city for reimbursement, the limit being placed at $35,000, although if the city preferred to do the work itself, there is no reason why it should not be done in that way. A draft of the proposed agreement was presented to the board.

A long discussion followed the submission of this proposition. Mayor Burdick and members of the board explained to the representatives of the corporation that the board of aldermen had no power in the matter, and that the entire subject of appropriations or authority to incur liabilities rested with the representative council. It seemed a little difficult to impress upon the visitors' minds the exact status of our somewhat peculiar form of government, and he urged that the board sign the agreement as an evidence of good faith. This the board declined to do without authority, and the matter was taken under advisement until the Thursday evening meeting.

The visitors explained that work will be begun right away and that the houses will be ready for occupancy before the cold weather comes. They also said that it had been found that municipalities preferred to have the Government do this work for them and then look to the treasury for reimbursement, but several members of the board thought that the city could do the work at a lower cost than a private contractor.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening, it was voted to call a meeting of the representative council for August 26, in order that that body might consider the proposition of the United States Housing Corporation. In the meantime estimates had been prepared by the street commissioner as to the cost of the work, and he believed that the city could do it for $23,000, the proposition of the Corporation as submitted calling for $35,000. The figures will be presented to the representative council for consideration.

Communications were received from the Board of Health in regard to the complaint against the manure pile of Charles Mally, stating that action would be taken. Mr. Eugene Schreier presented to the city a portrait of Abraham Touro, to be hung in the City Hall beside of that of his brother, Judah Touro. The gift was accepted with thanks.

An auto hackney license was suspended for thirty days for violation of the rule limiting the number of passengers to be carried. A pawn shop license was granted to David Frant, although the board was not unanimous in the action.

The Federal Food Administration are urging all to join in the conservation of sugar until the next crop comes in. That there is real necessity for everyone to save is asserted by the Administration. In restaurants and other public eating places the sugar bowl has disappeared and those who wish sugar are compelled to ask for it, being limited to one spoonful apiece.

There will be a field day under the auspices of the Newport County Farm Bureau at Glen Farm on August 26th, following an auction sale of some surplus stock. Professor Van Pelt and Mr. Brackett will be the speakers, this part of the program beginning at 2 o'clock. A large crowd is expected.

The police have recently made two arrests under the anti-loafing act, one man being committed to jail and the other being released on bail. The law requires all men between the ages of 18 and 50 to be engaged in some useful occupation, regardless of the size of their incomes.

SURVIVORS OF LOST FISHING VESSELS

Several members of the crews of the submarined fishing vessels that went down off the Banks early this week have arrived in Newport and given details of their experiences. John W. Hamilton, whose home is on Prospect Hill street, was a member of the crew of the fishing schooner Lena M. May of Boston, and was one of those who were taken on board the submarine while the work of destruction was going on. He was robbed of his rubber boots, as were other members of the crew, and other articles of more or less value were taken from them. He says the submarine that did the work of destruction was about 300 feet long and was heavily armed.

John H. Hall of Mill street was a member of the crew of the fishing schooner Starbuck and he also had an exciting experience.

None of the fishermen sailing from this port are in any way disheartened by the work of the submarines, but are determined to keep on with their work and let the marauders do their worst.

MUCH GRAIN RUINED

The big grain elevator of the Mackenzie & Winslow Company on Marsh street was entered by a number of boys some time Tuesday night and one of the most flagrant cases of malicious mischief ever perpetrated in Newport was staged there. The great tubes that discharge the various grains from the upper part of the storage elevator to the lower floor were opened, and all mixed together in a mess on the lower floor This of itself would have caused serious loss, but not content with this the marauders mixed in green paint, charcoal, string and whatever else they could find, so that whatever grains were brought down from the storage bins are a total loss. Bags of grain stacked on the floor were ripped open and added to the mess. Much damage was done to tools and machinery A number of boys have been rounded up by the police, and more are being looked over. Most of those taken in have already had their names entered on the police books for various misdemeanors.

EARL AND NETTIE

One of Capt. "Tal" Dodge's formerly owned boats, the Earl and Nettie, was one of the boats sunk by German submarines off the George's Banks last Saturday.

The Earl and Nettie's men reported that they were subjected to many indignities by the U-boat's crew. The personal effects of the fishermen, of little intrinsic value, were taken, along with provisions and clothing. When they were ordered into the dory they were told to be quick about it, and they were close by when their vessel was shelled. In several instances requests that they be permitted to retain trinkets were refused by the enemy, who swore at them and showed a more hostile attitude than that noted by the crews of other boats sent down.

The Earl and Nettie was sold by Capt. "Tal" some time ago.

The prolonged hot wave of the early part of the week culminated on Wednesday in severe electrical disturbances which did much damage in Rhode Island, and brought real disaster to some of the communities in Northern New England. Newport, as usual, escaped the worst of it, a corner of the storm passing over the city about 7.30 o'clock in the evening. The lightning was brilliant and the thunder was heavy, but no serious damage was done. At times the rain fell in torrents. As a result of the heavy rains that have visited the city for the past two weeks, the grass and garden crops have taken on a new lease of life and vegetation is now looking fine except for the ravages of the tussock moth.

The will of Frederic S. Grand d'Hauteville was admitted to probate in this city on Monday. The estate in Switzerland is given to the oldest son, but practically all the rest of the estate is left in trust. The Newport property is given to his widow during her life time and after her death becomes a part of the residuary estate. The residuary estate is left in trust, with the proviso that one-fourth of the net income be paid to the widow during her life. Upon her death the income is to be divided among the children.

The Masonic Club of the Block Island Naval Base will have a banquet at the New National Hotel in that town on Tuesday evening next. Governor R. Livingston Beeckman will be the guest of honor.

Dr. John A. Young has been elected a member of the medical staff at the Newport Hospital.

LABOR TROUBLE HERE

There is labor trouble at Fort Adams, and the matter has been referred to the War Labor board for adjustment. As to the exact situation the representatives of the Union and the authorities at Fort Adams do not seem to be in exact accord. The trouble has been among the carpenters, but the Union leaders deny that there is a strike, although the men are not at work. The rules of the local carpenters' union at present call for an eight-hour day, with double pay for overtime, while it is claimed that the carpenters working for the contractor at the Fort are working 10 hours and being paid for 11 hours, so that they make $7.70 a day. Although there are very few Newport men among the number, the union men are supposed to be subject to the rules of the local union.

MUCH WATER LOST

There was a bad break in the water main at Lake's Corner early Wednesday morning, which caused considerable commotion in the vicinity. The large main which feeds the outer Broadway district gave way suddenly and there was a great upheaval of the roadbed as a great torrent of water rushed forth, bringing with it good sized stones and much dirt. The waste water poured down Broadway as far as Marlboro street. The Water Works officials were notified and turned off the water as quickly as possible, having a gang of men at work to make repairs within a very short time. At a time when the water supply is so important as it is now, the loss of any water is a serious misfortune.

A draft of thirteen men who are destined to go clear across the continent to Tacoma Park, Washington, for instruction in special electrical work for the Army, left Newport early Thursday morning on their way to Providence where they joined with others of the State contingent. Mr. Augustin C. Titus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus, was in charge of the Newport detail. They were given a hearty send-off at the train.

The little fishing vessel, Earl & Nettie, which was sunk by a German submarine last week, was well known in these waters. She was formerly owned by Captain "Tal" Dodge of Block Island, and was one of the craft that took part in rescuing the few survivors of the Larchmont disaster some years ago. The vessel had passed into other hands within a comparatively short time.

There were two box alarms last Saturday night, but in neither case did the firemen have much work to do. Box 23 called the department to the New Marlborough Garage where a delivery auto had caught fire, but the flames were extinguished in a moment. An electric flatiron that had been forgotten in the Zabriskie House was the cause of an alarm from box 27.

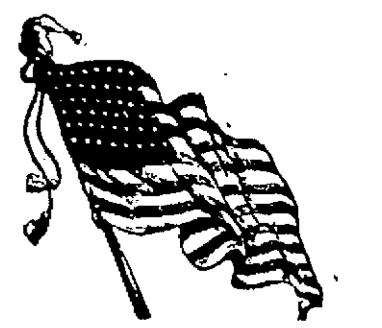
Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who died at her summer home at Rhinecliff, New York, on Wednesday, was well known in Newport. She was the second wife of Hon. Levi P. Morton, to whom she was married in 1873. For a number of years they owned a handsome estate in Newport, and made it a practice to come here every summer. Hon. Levi P. Morton gave Morton Park to the city many years ago.

The Newport Artillery Company will go to the State Rifle Range at Rumford, R. I., next Saturday night for target practice. The men will assemble at the Armory on Clarke street at 5.30 next Saturday afternoon and will make the trip by auto trucks, returning Sunday evening. Supper will be served at the camp as will be the three meals on Sunday.

Some of the owners of real estate in the business section of Thames Street are contemplating holding a general meeting to protest against the increase in valuation for that portion of the city alone. They claim that if a revaluation was to be made on the basis of rentals all the business section of the city should be similarly increased.

Colonel James T. Buttrick of the United States Marine Corps has been spending a few days in Newport and Jamestown, his family being located in the latter town for the summer. Colonel Buttrick is attached to one of the larger battleships of the navy.

The recent drive of St. Joseph's parish for the purpose of raising $75,000 was entirely successful, considerably more than $80,000 being pledged during the whirlwind campaign.



MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, having left Thursday for his vacation, which will be spent in northern Maine, Rt. Rev. Philip Rhinelander, D. D., Bishop of Pennsylvania, who is spending the summer at "Boothden," will assume charge, preaching himself on Sunday next. On August 25th Rev. Latta Griswold of Lenox, Mass., a former rector here, will officiate.

"The Better Babies'" campaign was continued last week at the Paradise Avenue school. Forty-four children under five were weighed and measured by Dr. C. Edward Farnum, who again gave his services.

The annual outing of the Sunday School and parish of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel was largely attended last week, and was considered by all to have been "a real good old-fashioned picnic."

Special music was rendered on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church, when Mr. R. A. Drury, a leading New York tenor, and his daughter, Miss Hazel A. Drury, rendered two solos. Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell of Newport presided at the organ.

Mr. Rodman Champlin, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Champlin, having recently entered the service, (a carpenter, first class) his wife and infant son will be located for the present on Green End Avenue, where they will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart received word this week of the safe arrival "overseas" of their second daughter, Miss Mary Lydia Hart, who left four weeks ago for Red Cross work in France. Miss Hart, who is a graduate nurse of the Boston Homeopathic Hospital, went with the unit from that hospital which took an extended course in training at Charlotteville, N. C., before sailing. Miss Hart is a sister of Mrs. Archibald Alty of Newport, who is also a graduate of the same hospital and a member of the National Red Cross Society.

It would appear by the increase in the number of tussock moths from year to year, that a campaign similar to that conducted by Aquidneck Grange against the tent caterpillar some years ago, would soon be necessary to save not only trees but vegetation. There are also an enormous number of white butterflies this season, which, as cabbage worms, will mean much havoc among these vegetables another year if not suppressed.

The August meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange will be held Tuesday afternoon and evening at Fair Hall. Current Events will be conducted by Past Master Mrs. William M. Spooner of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, and Miss Hoxsie of the Newport Farm Bureau will give a talk and demonstration in War substitutes in order that the housewives may have a chance to experiment in cooking before the annual fair of the Newport County Agricultural Society, who this year will base their awards in the food department upon the largest amount of substitutes used. Mrs. Lester W. Lloyd, wife of the County Agent, will assist as Mr. Lloyd will be at Glen Farm for the afternoon to conduct the field day arranged by the executive committee of the Farm Bureau.

The speakers will be Prof. Van Pelt of Iowa, an expert on "Dairying," and Prof. Bassett of the U. S. dept. agriculture, whose subject will be "Co-operative Marketing." It is expected the Grange members attending this field day will be present at the Pomona evening session, when there will be a "corn roast" and entertainment.

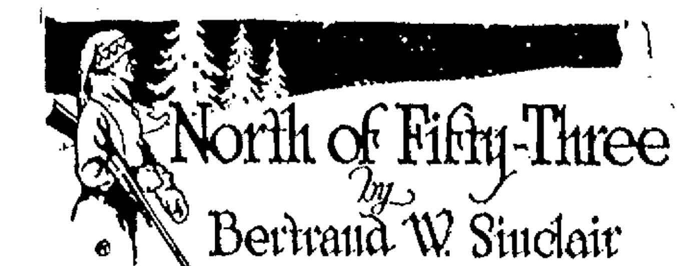
The annual lawn party, held Wednesday afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, at the Berkeley Parish House, was a very successful affair. A salad supper was served to over two hundred. Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham, president of St. Columba's Guild, was in general charge.

Aquidneck Grange will hold its annual picnic on Thursday next at 5 o'clock at Second Beach. A basket lunch will be served at 6 p. m., to be followed by sports in the early evening. These hours have been arranged to permit the men to attend.

Private C. Russell Twomey of the Engineers is spending a furlough with his mother while recuperating from shell shock. He has been in a convalescent hospital in New York State for some time and is now on the road to recovery.

By direction of the Naval authorities, bathing on the shore of the Bay was discontinued for a time on Thursday because of further experiments with depth bombs. The bathing at the Beach was not affected.

Mrs. C. Edward Farnum is visiting friends in Worcester.



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CHAPTER VII.

The Fires of Spring.

There came a day when the metallic brilliancy went out of the sky, and it became softly, mistily blue. All that forenoon Hazel prowled restlessly out of doors without cap or coat. There was a new feel in the air. The deep winter snow had suddenly lost its harshness.

Toward evening a mild breeze freshened from the southwest. At ten o'clock a gale whooped riotously through the trees. And at midnight Hazel wakened to a sound that she had not heard in months. She rose and groped her way to the window. The encrusting frost had vanished from the panes. They were wet to the touch of her fingers. She unhooked the fastening and swung the window out. A great gust of damp warm wind blew strands of hair across her face. She leaned through the casement, and drops of cold water struck her bare neck. That which she had heard was the dripping eaves. The chinook wind droned its spring song, and the bare boughs of the tree beside the cabin waved and creaked the time.

At dawn the eaves had ceased their drip, and the dirt roof lay bare to the cloud-banked sky. From the southwest the wind still blew strong and warm. The thick winter garment of the earth softened to slush, and vanished with amazing swiftness. Streams of water poured down every depression. Midway between the house and stable Spring had leaped strong-armed upon old Winter and vanquished him at the first onslaught.

All that day the chinook blew, working its magic upon the land. When day broke again with a clearing sky, and the sun poured between the cloud rifts his beams fell upon vast areas of brown and green where but forty-eight hours gone there was the cold revelry of frost sprites upon far-flung fields of snow. Patches of earth steamed wherever a hillside lay bare to the sun. From some mysterious distance a lone crow winged his way, and perching on a nearby treetop cawed raucous greeting.

Hazel cleared away the breakfast things and stood looking out the kitchen window. Roaring Bill sat on a log, shirt-sleeved, smoking his pipe. Presently he went over to the stable, led out his horses, and gave them their liberty. For twenty minutes or so he stood watching their mad capers as they ran and leaped and pranced back and forth over the clearing. Then he walked off into the timber, his rifle over his shoulder.

Hazel washed her dishes and went outside. She did not know why, but all at once a terrible feeling of utter forlornness seized her. It was spring—and also it was spring in other lands. The wilderness suddenly took on the characteristics of a prison, in which she was sentenced to solitary confinement. She rebelled against it, rebelled against her surroundings, against the manner of her being there, against everything. She hated the North, she wished to be gone from it, and most of all she hated Bill Wagstaff for constraining her presence there.

All the heaviness of heart, all the resentment she had felt in the first few days when she followed him perforce away from Cariboo Meadows, came back to her with redoubled force that afternoon. She went back into the house, now gloomy without a fire, slumped forlornly into a chair, and cried herself into a condition approaching hysteria. And she was sitting there, her head bowed on her hands, when Bill returned from his hunting. The sun sent a shaft through the south window, a shaft which rested on her drooping head. Roaring Bill walked slowly up behind her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"What is it, little person?" he asked gently.

She refused to answer.

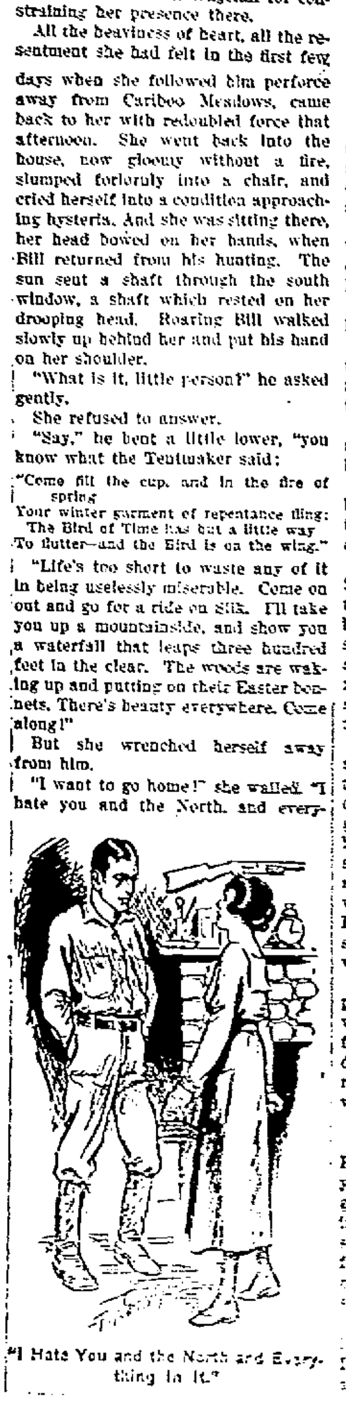
"Say," he bent a little lower, "you know what the Tentmaker said:

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing."

"Life's too short to waste any of it in being uselessly miserable. Come on out and go for a ride on Silk. I'll take you up a mountainside, and show you a waterfall that leaps three hundred feet in the clear. The woods are waking up and putting on their Easter bonnets. There's beauty everywhere. Come along!"

But she wrenched herself away from him.

"I want to go home!" she wailed. "I hate you and the North, and every-



"I Hate You and the North and Everything In It."

thing in it. If you've got a spark of manhood left in you, you'll take me out of here."

Roaring Bill backed away from her. "Do you mean that? Honest Injun?" he asked incredulously.

"I do—I do!" she cried vehemently. "Haven't I told you often enough? I didn't come here willingly, and I won't stay. I will not! I have a right to live my life in my own way, and it's not this way."

"So," Roaring Bill began evenly, "springtime with you only means getting back to work. You want to get back into the muddled rush of peopled places, do you? You want to be where you can associate with fluffy-ruffle, pompadoured girls, and be properly introduced to equally proper young men. Lord, but I seem to have made a mistake! And, by the same token, I'll probably pay for it—in a way you wouldn't understand if you lived a thousand years. Well, set your mind at rest. I'll take you out. Ye gods and little fishes, but I have sure been a fool!"

He sat down on the edge of the table, and Hazel blinked at him, half scared, and full of wonder. She had grown so used to seeing him calm, imperturbable, smiling cheerfully no matter what she said or did, that his passionate outbreak amazed her. She could only sit and look at him.

He got out his cigarette materials. But his fingers trembled, spilling the tobacco. And when he tore the paper in his efforts to roll it, he dashed paper and all into the fireplace with something that sounded like an oath, and walked out of the house. Nor did he return till the sun was well down toward the tree-rimmed horizon. When he came back he brought in an armful of wood and kindling, and began to build a fire. Hazel came out of her room. Bill greeted her serenely.

"Well, little person," he said, "I hope you'll perk up now."

"I'll try," she returned. "Are you really going to take me out?"

Bill paused with a match blazing in his fingers.

"I'm not in the habit of saying things I don't mean," he answered dryly. "We'll start in the morning."

The dark closed in on them, and they cooked and ate supper in silence. Bill remained thoughtful and abstracted. Then from some place among his books he unearthed a map and, spreading it on the table, studied it a while. After that he dragged in his kyaks from outside, and busied himself packing them with supplies for a journey—tea and coffee and flour and such things done up in small canvas sacks.

And when these preparations were complete he got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and fell to copying something from the map. He was still at that, sketching and marking, when Hazel went to bed.

By all the signs and tokens, Roaring Bill Wagstaff slept none that night. Hazel herself tossed wakefully, and during her wakeful moments she could hear him stir in the outer room. And a full hour before daylight he called her to breakfast.

* * * * * * *

"This time last spring," Bill said to her, "I was piking away north of those mountains, bound for the head of the Naas to prospect for gold."

They were camped in a notch on the tiptop of a long divide, a thousand feet above the general level. A wide valley rolled below, and from the height they overlooked two great, sinuous lakes and a multitude of smaller ones.

"I've been wondering," Hazel said. "This country somehow seems different. You're not going back to Cariboo Meadows, are you?"

Bill bestowed a look of surprise on her.

"I should say not!" he drawled. "Not that it would make any difference to me. But I'm very sure you don't want to turn up there in my company."

"That's true," she observed. "But all the clothes and all the money I have in the world are there."

"Don't let money worry you," he said briefly. "I have got plenty to see you through. And you can easily buy clothes."

They were now ten days on the road. Steadily they climbed, reaching up through gloomy canyons where foaming cataracts spilled themselves over sheer walls of granite, where the dim and narrow pack trail was crossed and recrossed with the footprints of bear and deer and the snowy-coated mountain goat.

Roaring Bill lighted his evening fire at last at the apex of the pass. He had traveled long after sundown, seeking a camp ground where his horses could graze. The fire lit up huge firs, and high above the fir tops the sky was studded with stars, brilliant in the thin atmosphere. They ate, and, being weary, lay down to sleep. At sunrise Hazel sat up and looked about her in silent wondering appreciation. All the world spread east and west below.

She adjusted the binoculars and peered westward from the great height where the camp sat. Distantly, and far below, the green of the forest broke down to a hazy line of something that ran in turn to a huge fog bank snow-white in the rising sun.

"There's a lake," she said.

"No. Salt water—a long arm of the Pacific," he replied. "That's where you and I part company—to your very great relief, I dare say. [illegible] in the other direction. [illegible] see two hundred miles [illegible] for the Babine range [illegible]

[illegible]

the season made a nice little cleanup on a gravel bar. I have another place spotted, by the way, that would work out a fortune if a fellow wanted to spend a couple of thousand putting in some machinery. However, when the June rise drove us off our bar, I pulled clear out of the country. Just took a notion to see the bright lights again. And I didn't stop short of New York. Do you know, I lasted there just one week by the calendar. It seems funny, when you think of it, that a man with three thousand dollars to spend should get lonesome in a place like New York. But I did. And at the end of a week I flew. I had all that money burning my pockets—and, all told, I didn't spend five hundred. Fancy a man jumping over four thousand miles to have a good time, and then running away from it. It was very foolish of me, I think now. Well, the longer we live the more we learn. Day after tomorrow you'll be in Bella Coola. The cannery steamships carry passengers on a fairly regular schedule to Vancouver. How does that suit you?"

"Very well," she answered shortly.

"And you haven't the least twinge of regret at leaving all this?"

"I don't happen to have your peculiar point of view," she returned. "The circumstances connected with my coming into this country and with my staying here are such as to make me anxious to get away."

"Same old story," Bill muttered under his breath.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing," he said carelessly, and went on with his breakfast preparations.

The evening of the third day from there Bill traveled till dusk. When camp was made and the fire started, he called Hazel to one side, up on a little rocky knoll, and pointed out a half dozen pin points of yellow glimmering distantly in the dark.

"That's Bella Coola," he told her. "And unless they've made a radical

"That's Bella Coola Over There," He Said.

change in their sailing schedules there should be a boat clear tomorrow at noon."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Drone of the Hive.

A black cloud of smoke was rolling up from the funnel of the Stanley D. as Bill Wagstaff piloted Hazel from the grimy Bella Coola hotel to the wharf.

"There ain't many passengers," he told her. "They're mostly cannery men. But you'll have the captain's wife to chaperon you. She happens to be making the trip."

When they were aboard and the cabin boy had shown them to what was dignified by the name of stateroom, Bill drew a long envelope from his pocket.

"Here," he said, "is a little money. I hope you won't let any foolish pride stand in the way of using it freely. It came easy to me. I dug it out of Mother Earth, and there's plenty more where it came from. Seeing that I deprived you of access to your own money and all your personal belongings, you are entitled to this any way you look at it. And I want to throw in a bit of gratuitous advice—in case you should conclude to go back to the Meadows. They probably looked high and low for you. But there is no chance for them to learn where you actually did get to unless you yourself tell them. The most plausible explanation—and if you go there you must make some explanation—would be for you to say that you got lost—which is true enough—and that you eventually fell in with a party of Indians, and later on connected up with a party of white people who were traveling coastward. That you wintered with them, and they put you on a steamer and sent you to Vancouver when spring opened.

"That, I guess, is all," he concluded slowly. "Only I wish"—he caught her by the shoulders and shook her gently—"I sure do wish it could have been different, little person. Maybe some time when I get restless for human companionship and come out to cavort in the bright lights for a while, I may pass you on a street somewhere. This world is very small. Oh, yes—when you go to Vancouver go to the Ladysmith. It's a nice, quiet hotel in the West end. Any hack driver knows the place."

He dropped his hands, and looked steadily at her for a few seconds, steadily and longingly.

"Good-by!" he said abruptly—and walked out, and down the gangplank that was already being cast loose, and away up the wharf without a backward glance.

The [illegible] woke the [illegible] [illegible] her from [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible]

she felt magnanimous, forgiving—and suddenly very much alone, as if she had dropped back into the old, depressing Granville atmosphere. But he gave no answering sign save that he turned on the instant and went up the hill to where his horses stood tied among the huddled buildings. And within twenty minutes the Stanley D turned a jutting point, and Bella Coola was lost to view.

Hazel went back into her stateroom and sat down on the berth. Presently she opened the envelope. There was a thick fold of bills, her ticket, and both were wrapped in a sheet of paper penciled with dots and crooked lines. She laid it aside and counted the money.

"Heavens!" she whispered. "I wish he hadn't given me so much. I didn't need all that."

For Roaring Bill had tucked a dozen one-hundred-dollar notes in the envelope. And, curiously enough, she was not offended, only wishful that he had been less generous. Then she took up the map, recognizing it as the sheet of paper Bill had worked over so long their last night at the cabin.

It made the North more clear—a great deal more clear—to her, for he had marked Cariboo Meadows, the location of his cabin, and Bella Coola, and drawn dotted lines to indicate the way he had taken her in and brought her out.

She put away the money and the map, and bestowed a brief scrutiny upon herself in the cabin mirror. Six months in the wild had given her a ruddy color, the glow of perfect physical condition. But her garments were tattered and sadly out of date. The wardrobe of the steamer-trunk lady had suffered in the winter's wear. She was barely presentable in the outing suit of corduroy.

The Stanley D., upon the evening of the third day, turned into Barnard inlet and swept across a harbor speckled with shipping from all the Seven Seas to her berth at the dock.

So Hazel came again to a city—a city that roared and bellowed all its manifold noises in her ears, long grown accustomed to a vast and brooding silence. Mindful of Bill's parting word, she took a hack to the Ladysmith. And even though the hotel was removed from the business heart of the city, the rumble of the city's herculean labors reached her far into the night. At last she fell asleep, and dawn of a clear spring day awakened her.

She ate her breakfast, and set forth on a shopping tour. To such advantage did she put two of the hundred-dollar bills that by noon she was arrayed in a semi-tailored suit of gray, spring hat, shoes and gloves to match. She felt once more at ease, less conscious that people stared at her frayed and curious habiliments. With a complete outfit of lingerie purchased, and a trunk in which to store it forwarded to her hotel, her immediate activity was at an end, and she had time to think of her next move.

And, brought face to face with that, she found herself at something of a loss. She had no desire to go back to Cariboo Meadows, even to get what few personal treasures she had left behind. Cariboo Meadows was wiped off the slate as far as she was concerned. Nevertheless, she must make her way. Somehow she must find a means to return the unused portion of the—to her—enormous sum Roaring Bill had placed in her hands. She must make her own living. The question that troubled her was: How, and where? She had her trade at her finger ends, and the storied office buildings of Vancouver assured her that any efficient stenographer could find work. But she looked up as she walked the streets at the high, ugly walls of brick and steel and stone, and her heart misgave her.

At nightfall she went up to her room and threw herself wearily on the bed. She was tired, body and spirit, and lonely. Her brief experience in Cariboo Meadows had not led her to look kindly on teaching as a means of livelihood. And stenographers seemed to be in demand. Wherefore, she reasoned that wages would be high. With the list in her purse, she went down on Hastings—which runs like a huge artery through the heart of the city, with lesser streets crossing and diverging.

But she made no application for employment. For on the corner of Hastings and Seymour, as she gathered her skirt in her hands to cross the street, someone caught her by the arm and cried:

"Well, forevermore, if it isn't Hazel Weir!"

And she turned to find herself facing Loraine Marsh—a Granville school chum—and Loraine's mother. Back of them, with wide and startled eyes, loomed Jack Barrow.

He pressed forward while the two women overwhelmed Hazel with a flood of exclamations and questions, and extended his hand. Hazel accepted the overture. She had long since gotten over her resentment against him. She was furthermore amazed to find that she could meet his eye and take his hand without a single flutter of her pulse. It seemed strange, but she was glad of it.

They stood a few minutes on the corner; then Mrs. Marsh proposed that they go to the hotel, where they could talk at their leisure and in comfort. Loraine and her mother took the lead. Barrow naturally fell into step with Hazel.

"I've been wearing sackcloth and ashes, Hazel," he said humbly. "Shortly after you left, somebody on one of the papers ferreted out the truth of that Bush affair, and the vindictive old hound's reasons for that compromising legacy were set forth. Bush appears to have kept a diary—and kept it posted up to the day of his death—poured out all his feelings on paper, and repeatedly asserted that he would win you or ruin you. And it seems that that night, after you refused to come to him when he was hurt, he called in his lawyer and made that [illegible]—and spent the rest of the time till he died [illegible] over the chances of it [illegible]

"The [illegible] [illegible] Have you [illegible]

were ready to believe the very worst."

"I've paid for it," Barrow pleaded. "You don't know how I've hated myself for being such a cad. But it taught me a lesson—if you'll not hold a grudge against me. I've wondered and worried about you, disappearing the way you did. Where have you been, and how have you been getting on? You surely look well." He bent an admiring glance on her.

"Oh, I've been every place, and I can't complain about not getting on," she answered carelessly.

For the life of her, she could not help making comparisons between the man beside her and another who she guessed would by now be bearing up the crest of the divide that overlooked the green and peaceful vista of forest and lake, with the Babine range lying purple beyond. She wondered if Roaring Bill Wagstaff would ever, under any circumstances, have looked on her with the scornful, angry distrust that Barrow had once betrayed. Barrow's attitude was that of a little boy who had broken some plaything in a fit of anger and was now woefully trying to put the pieces together again. It amused her. Indeed, it afforded her a distinctly un-Christian satisfaction, since she was not by nature of a meek or forgiving spirit.

Hazel visited with the three of them in the hotel parlor for a matter of two hours, went to luncheon with them, and at luncheon Loraine Marsh brought up the subject of her coming home to Granville with them. The Bush incident was discussed and dismissed. On the question of returning, Hazel was noncommittal.

"Of course you'll come! We won't hear of leaving you behind. So you can consider that settled," Loraine Marsh declared at last. "We're going day after tomorrow. So is Mr. Barrow."

Jack walked with her out to the Ladysmith, and, among other things, told her how he happened to be in the coast city.

"I've been doing pretty well lately," he said. "I came out here on a deal that involved about fifty thousand dollars. I closed it up just this morning—and the commission would just about buy us that little house we had planned once. Won't you let bygones be bygones, Hazel?"

"It might be possible, Jack," she answered slowly, "if it were not for the fact that you took the most effective means a man could have taken to kill every atom of affection I had for you. I don't feel bitter any more—I simply don't feel at all."

"But you will," he said eagerly. "Just give me a chance. I was a hot-headed, jealous fool, but I never will be again. Give me a chance, Hazel."

"You'll have to make your own chances," she said deliberately. "I refuse to bind myself in any way. Why should I put myself out to make you happy when you destroyed all the faith I had in you? And I don't think I'm going to care—except, perhaps, in a friendly way."

And with that Barrow had to be content.

At dusk of the following day she and Loraine Marsh sat in a Pullman, flattening their noses against the car window, taking a last look at the environs of Vancouver as the train rolled through the outskirts of the city. Hazel told herself that she was going home. Barrow smiled friendly assurance over the seat.

Even so, she was restless, far from content. There was something lacking. At half after eight she called the porter and had him arrange her section for the night. And she got into bed, thankful to be by herself, depressed without reason.

She slept for a time, her sleep broken into by morbid dreams, and eventually she wakened to find her eyes full of tears. She did not know why she should cry, but cry she did till her pillow grew moist—and the heavy feeling in her breast grew, if anything, more intense.

She switched on the tiny electric bulb over her head, and fumbled in her purse for another handkerchief. Her fingers drew forth, with the bit of linen, a folded sheet of paper, which seemed to hypnotize her, so fixedly did she remain looking at it. A sheet of plain white paper, marked with dots and names and crooked lines that stood for rivers, with shaded patches that meant mountain ranges she had seen—Bill Wagstaff's map.

She stared at it a long time. Then she found her time table, and ran along the interminable string of station names till she found Ashcroft, from whence northward ran the Appian way of British Columbia, the Cariboo road, over which she had journeyed by stage. She noted the distance, and the limited's hour of arrival, and looked at her watch. Then a feverish activity took hold of her. She dressed, got her suitcase from under the berth, and stuffed articles into it, regardless of order.

That done, she set her suitcase in the aisle, and curled herself in the berth, with her face pressed close against the window. A whimsical smile played about her mouth, and her fingers tap-tapped steadily on the purse, wherein was folded Bill Wagstaff's map.

And then out of the dark ahead a cluster of lights winked briefly, the shriek of the limited's whistle echoed up and down the wide reaches of the North Thompson, and the coaches came to a stop. Hazel took one look to make sure. Then she got softly into the aisle, took up her suitcase, and left the car. At the steps she turned to give the car porter a message.

"Tell Mrs. Marsh—the lady in lower five," she said, with a dollar to quicken his faculties, "that Miss Weir had to go back. Say I will write soon and explain."

She stood back in the shadow of the station for a few seconds. The limited's stop was brief. When the red lights went drumming down the track, she took up her suitcase and walked uptown to the hotel where she had tarried overnight once before.

The clerk showed her to a room. She threw her suitcase on the bed and turned the key in the lock. Then she went over, and, throwing up the window to its greatest height, sat down and looked steadily toward the north, smiling to herself.

"I can find him," she suddenly said aloud. "Of course I can find him!"

And with that she blew a kiss from her finger tips out toward the dark and silent North, pulled down the shade, and went quietly to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

An Ending and a Beginning.

Unconsciously, by natural assimilation, so to speak, Hazel Weir had absorbed more woodcraft than she realized in her over-winter stay in the high latitudes. Bill Wagstaff had once told her that few people know just what they can do until they are compelled to try, and upon this, her second journey northward, the truth of that statement grew more patent with each passing day.

So trailing north with old Limping George, his fat klootch, and two half-grown Siwash youths, Hazel bore steadily across country, driving as straight as the rolling land allowed, for the cabin that snuggled in a woodsy basin close up to the peaks that guard Pine River pass.

There came a day when brief uncertainty became sure knowledge at sight of a L-shaped body of water glimmering through the fire-thinned spruce. Her heart fluttered for a minute. Like a homing bird, by grace of the crude map and Limping George, she had come to the lake where the Indians had camped in the winter, and she could have gone blindfolded from the lake to Roaring Bill's cabin.

She urged her pony through the light timber growth and across the little meadows where the rank grass and strange varicolored flowers were springing up under the urge of the warm spring sun. Twenty minutes brought her to the clearing. Silk and Satin and Nigger, loafing at the sunny end of the stable, pricked up their ears at her approach, and she knew that Roaring Bill was home again. She tied her horse to a sapling and drew nearer. The cabin door stood wide!

A brief panic seized her. She felt a sudden shrinking, a wild desire for headlong flight. But it passed. She knew that for good or ill she would never turn back.

On the soft turf her footsteps gave forth no sound. She gained the doorway as silently as a shadow. Roaring Bill faced the end of the long room, but he did not see her, for he was slumped in the big chair before the fireplace, his chin sunk on his breast, staring straight ahead with absent eyes.

In all the days she had been with him she had never seen him look like that. That weary, hopeless expression, the wry twist of his lips, wrung her heart and drew from her a yearning little whisper.

"Bill!"

He came out of his chair like a panther. And when his eyes beheld her in the doorway he stiffened in his

Roaring Bill Took Her In His Arms.

tracks, staring, seeing, yet reluctant to believe the evidence of his vision. His brows wrinkled. He put up one hand and absently ran it over his cheek.

"I wonder if I've got to the point of seeing things," he said slowly. "Say, little person, is it your astral body, or is it really you?"

"Of course it's me," she cried tremulously, and with fine disregard for her habitual preciseness of speech.

He came up close to her and pinched her arm with a gentle pressure, as if he had to feel the material substance of her before he could believe. And then he put his hands on her shoulders, as he had done on the steamer that day at Bella Coola, and looked long and earnestly at her—looked till a crimson wave rose from her neck to the roots of her dark, glossy hair. And with that Roaring Bill took her in his arms, cuddled her up close to him, and kissed her, not once but many times.

"You really and truly came back, little person," he murmured. "Lord, Lord—and yet they say the day of miracles is past."

"You didn't think I would, did you?" she asked, with her blushing face snuggled against his sturdy breast. "Still you gave me a map so that I could find the place."

"That was just taking a desperate chance. No, I never expected to see you again, unless by accident," he said honestly. "And I've been crying the hurt of it to the stars all the way back from the coast. I only got here yesterday. I pretty near passed up coming back at all. I didn't see how I could stay, with everything to remind me of you. Say, but it looked like a lonesome hole. I used to love the place—but I didn't love it last night. It seemed about the most cheerless and depressing spot I could have picked. I think I should have ended up by touching a match to the whole business and hitting the trail to some new country. I don't know. I'm not weak. But I don't think I could have stayed here long."

They stood silent in the doorway for a long interval, Bill holding her close to him, and she blissfully contented [illegible] of the future [illegible] with joy of the present.

[illegible] little person?" Bill asked after a little [illegible]

Continued on Page 8

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table Revised June 19, 1918
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days, [illegible]
[illegible]

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.50, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

Continued from Page 2

"Why?" he desired to know.

"Oh, just because—because you're a man, I suppose," she returned mischievously.

"The world's chock-full of men," Bill observed.

"Surely," she looked up at him. "But they're not like you. Maybe it's bad policy to start in flattering you, but there aren't many men of your type, Billyboy; big and strong and capable, and at the same time kind and patient and able to understand things, things a woman can't always put into words. Last fall you hurt my pride and nearly scared me to death by carrying me off in that lawless, headlong fashion of yours. But you seemed to know just how I felt about it, and you played fairer than any man I ever knew would have done under the same circumstances. I didn't realize it until I got back into the civilized world. And then all at once I found myself longing for you—and for these old forests and the mountains and all. So I came back."

"Wise girl," he kissed her. "You'll never be sorry, I hope. It took some nerve, too. It's a long trail from here to the outside. But this north country—it gets in your blood—if your blood's red—and I don't think there's any water in your veins, little person. Lord! I'm afraid to let go of you for fear you'll vanish into nothing, like a Hindu fakir stunt."

"No fear," Hazel laughed. "I've got a pony tied to a tree out there, and four Siwashes and a camp outfit over by Crooked lake. If I should vanish I'd leave a plain trail for you to follow."

"Well," Bill said, after a short silence, "it's a hundred and forty miles to a Hudson's Bay post where there's a mission and a preacher. Let's be on our way and get married. Then we'll come back here and spend our honeymoon, eh?"

She nodded assent.

"Are you game to start in half an hour?" he asked, holding her off at arm's length admiringly.

"I'm game for anything or I wouldn't be here," she retorted.

"All right. You just watch an exhibition of speedy packing," Bill declared—and straightway fell to work.

Hazel followed him about, helping to get the kyaks packed with food. They saddled the three horses, and Bill [illegible] the pony of Hazel's riding [illegible] and placed a pack on him. Then he put her saddle on Silk.

"That's your private mount henceforth," Bill told her laughingly. "You'll ride him with more pleasure than you did the first time, won't you?"

Presently they were ready to start, planning to ride past Limping George's camp and tell him whither they were bound. Hazel was already mounted. Leaving, Bill paused, with his toe in the stirrup, and smiled whimsically at her over his horse's back.

"I forgot something," said he, and ran back into the cabin—whence he shortly emerged, bearing in his hand a sheet of paper upon which something was written in bold, angular characters. This he pinned on the door. Hazel rode Silk close to see what it might be, and laughed amusedly at what Bill had written:

"Mr. and Mrs. William Wagstaff will be at home to their friends on and after June the twentieth."

He swung up into his saddle, and they loped across the open. In the edge of the first timber they pulled up and looked backward at the cabin drowsing silently under its sentinel [illegible]. Leaning, Bill reached out one arm and laid it across Hazel's shoulder.

"Little person," he said soberly, "this is the end of one trail, and the beginning of another—the longest trail [illegible] has ever faced. How does it look to you?"

She touched his fingers with a quick, light pressure.

"All trails look alike to me," she said, with shining eyes, "just so we go them together."

* * * * * * *

"What day of the month is this, Billy?" Hazel asked.

"Haven't the least idea," he answered lazily. "Time is of no consequence to me at the present moment."

They were sitting on the warm earth before their cabin, their backs propped comfortably against a log, watching the sun sink behind a distant skyline all notched with purple mountains upon which snow still lingered. Beside them a smudge dribbled a wisp of smoke sufficient to ward off a pestilential swarm of mosquitoes and black flies. In the clear, thin air of that altitude the occasional voices of what bird and animal life was abroad in the wild broke into the evening hush with astonishing distinctness—a lone goose winged above in wide circles, uttering his harsh and solitary cry. He had lost his mate, Bill told her. Far off in the brush a fox barked. The evening flight of the wild ducks from Crooked lake to a chain of swamps passed intermittently over the clearing with a sibilant whistle of wings. To all the wild things, no less than to the two who watched and listened to the forest traffic, it was a land of peace and plenty.

"We ought to go up to the swamps tomorrow and rustle some duck eggs," Bill observed irrelevantly—his eyes following the arrow flight of a mallard flock. But his wife was counting audibly, checking the days off on her fingers.

"This is July the twenty-fifth, Mr. Roaring Bill Wagstaff," she announced. "We've been married exactly one month."

"A whole month?" he echoed, in mock astonishment. "You don't say so? Seems like it was only day before yesterday, little person."

"I wonder," she snuggled up a little closer to him, "if any two people were ever as happy as we've been?"

Bill put his arm across her shoulders and lifted her head back so that he could smile down into her face.

"They have been a bunch of golden days, haven't they?" he whispered. "You won't forget this joy time if we ever do hit real hard going, will you, Hazel?"

"The bird of ill omen croaks again," she reproved. "Why should we come to hard going, as you call it?"

"We shouldn't," he declared. "But most people do. And we might. One never can tell what's ahead. By and by when the novelty wears off—maybe you'll get sick of seeing the same old Bill around and nobody else. You see, I've always been on my good behavior with you. Do you like me a lot?"

His arm tightened with a quick and powerful pressure, then suddenly relaxed to let her lean back and stare up at him tenderly.

"I ought to punish you for saying things like that," she pouted. "Only I can't think of any effective method. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—and there is no evil in our days."

"Amen," he whispered softly—and they fell to silent contemplation of the rose and gold that spread in a wonderful blazon over all the western sky.

"Twenty-fifth of July, eh?" he mused presently. "Summer's half gone already. I didn't realize it. We ought to be stirring pretty soon, lady. These northern seasons are so blessed short. We ought to try and do a little good for ourselves—make hay while the sun shines. We'll needa da mon'."

"Needa fiddlesticks," she laughed. "What do we need money for? It costs practically nothing to live up here. Why this sudden desire to pursue the dollar? Besides, how are you going to pursue it?"

"Go prospecting," he replied promptly. "Hit the trail for a place I know where there's oodles of coarse gold, if you can get to it at low water. How'd you like to go into the Upper Naas country this fall, trap all winter, work the sandbars in the spring, and come out next fall with a sack of gold it would take a horse to pack?"

Hazel clapped her hands.

"Oh, Bill, wouldn't that be fine?" she cried. "I'd love to."

"It won't be all smooth sailing," he warned. "It's a long trip and a hard one, and the winter will be longer and harder than the trip. Still, there's a chance for a good big stake, right in that one trip."

"But why the necessity for making a stake?" she inquired thoughtfully, after a lapse of five minutes. "I thought you didn't care anything about money so long as you had enough to get along on? And we surely have that. We've over two thousand dollars in real money—and no place to spend it—so we're compelled to save."

Bill blew a smoke ring over his head and watched it vanish up toward the dusky roof beams before he answered.

"Well, little person," said he, "that's very true, and we can't truthfully say that stern necessity is treading on our heels. The possession of money has never been a crying need with me. But I hadn't many wants when I was playing a lone hand, and I generally let the future take care of itself. It was always easy to dig up money enough to buy books and grub or anything I wanted. Now that I've assumed a certain responsibility, it has begun to dawn on me that we'd enjoy life better if we were assured of a competence. We won't stay here always. I'm pretty much contented just now. So are you. But I know from past experience that the outside will grow more alluring as time passes. You'll get lonesome for civilization. It's the most natural thing in the world. And when we go out to mix with our fellow humans we want to meet them on terms of worldly equality. Which is to say with good clothes on, and a fat bank roll in our pocket. And last, but not least, old girl, while I love to loaf, I can only loaf about so long in contentment. Sabe? I've got to be doing something: whether it was profitable or not has never mattered, just so it was action."

"I sabe, as you call it," Hazel smiled. "Of course I do. Only lazy people like to loaf all the time. I love this place, and we might stay here for years and be satisfied. But—"

"But we'd be better satisfied to stay if we knew that we could leave it whenever we wanted to," he interrupted. "That's the psychology of the human animal, all right. We don't like to be coerced, even by circumstances."

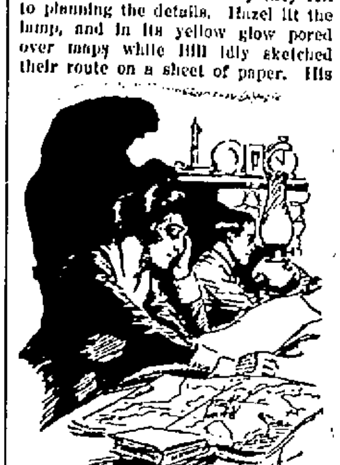
"If you made a lot of money mining, we could travel—one could do lots of things," she reflected. "I don't think I'd want to live in a city again. But it would be nice to go there, sometimes."

"Yes, dear girl, it would," Bill agreed. "With a chum to help you enjoy things. We can do things together that I couldn't do alone, and you couldn't do alone. Remains only to get the wherewithal. And since I know how to manage that with a minimum amount of effort, I'd like to be about it before somebody else gets ahead of me. Though there's small chance of that."

"We'll be partners," said she. "How will we divide the profits, Billum?"

"We'll split even," he declared. "That is, I'll make the money, and you'll spend it."

They chuckled over this conceit, and as the dusk closed in slowly they fell to planning the details. Hazel lit the lamp, and in its yellow glow pored over maps while Bill idly sketched their route on a sheet of paper. His



Pored Over Maps While Bill Idly Sketched Their Route on a Sheet of Paper.

objective lay east of the head of the Naas proper, where amid a wild tangle of mountains and mountain torrents three turbulent rivers, the Stikine, the Skeena and the Naas, took their rise. A God-forsaken region, he told her, where few white men had penetrated. The peaks flirted with the clouds, and their sides were scarred with glaciers. A lonesome, brooding land, the home of a vast and seldom-broken silence.

"But there's all kinds of game and fur in there," Bill remarked thoughtfully. "And gold. Still, it's a fierce country for a man to take his best girl into. I don't know whether I ought to tackle it."

"We couldn't be more isolated than we are here," Hazel argued. "If we were in the Arctic. Look at that poor woman at Pelt House. Three babies born since she saw a doctor or another woman of her own color! What's a winter by ourselves compared to that. And she didn't think it so great a hardship. Don't you worry about me, Mr. Bill. I think it will be fun. I'm a real pioneer at heart. The wild places look good to me—when you're along."

She received her due reward for that, and then, the long twilight having brought the hour to a lateness that manifested itself by sundry yawns on their part, they went to bed.

With breakfast over, Bill put a compass in his pocket, after having ground his ax blade to a keen edge.

"Come on," said he, then; "I'm going to transact some important business."

"What is it?" she promptly demanded with much curiosity.

"This domicile of ours, girl," he told her, while he led the way through the surrounding timber, "is ours only by grace of the wilderness. It's built on unsurveyed government land—land that I have no more legal claim to than any passing trapper. But I'm going to remedy that. I'm going to formally stake a hundred and sixty acres of this and apply for its purchase. Then we'll have a cinch on our home. We'll always have a refuge to fly to, no matter where we go."

She nodded appreciation of this. The cabin in the clearing stood for some of those moments that always loom large and unforgettable in every woman's experience. She had come there once in hot, shamed anger, and she had come again as a bride. It was the handiwork of a man she loved with a passion that sometimes startled her by its intensity. Just the mere possibility of that place being given over to others roused in her a pang of resentment. It was theirs, hers and Bill's, and, being a woman, she viewed its possession jealously.

So she watched with keen interest what he did. Which, in truth, was simple enough. He worked his way to a point southeast of the clearing till they gained a little rise whence through the treetops they could look back and see the cabin roof. There Bill cut off an eight-inch jack pine, leaving the stump approximately four feet high. This he hewed square, the four flat sides of the post facing respectively the cardinal points of the compass. On one smoothed surface Bill set to work with his pocketknife. Hazel sat down and watched while he busied himself at this. And when he had finished she read, in deep-carved letters:

W. WAGSTAFF'S S. E. CORNER.

Then he penned on a sheet of letter paper a brief notice to the effect that he, William Wagstaff, intended to apply for the purchase of the land embraced in an area a half mile square, of which the post was the southeast corner mark. This notice he fastened to the stump with a few tacks, and sat down to rest from his labors.

"How long do you suppose that will stay there, and who is there to read it if it does?" Hazel observed.

"Search me. The moose and the deer and the timber wolves, I guess," Bill grinned. "The chances are the paper won't last long, with winds and rains. But it doesn't matter. It's simply a form prescribed by the land act of British Columbia, and, so long as I go through the legal motions, that lets me out. Matter of form, you know."

"Then what else do you have to do?"

"Nothing but furnish the money when the land department gets around to accept my application," he said. "I can get an agent to attend to all the details. Well, let's take a look at our estate from another corner."

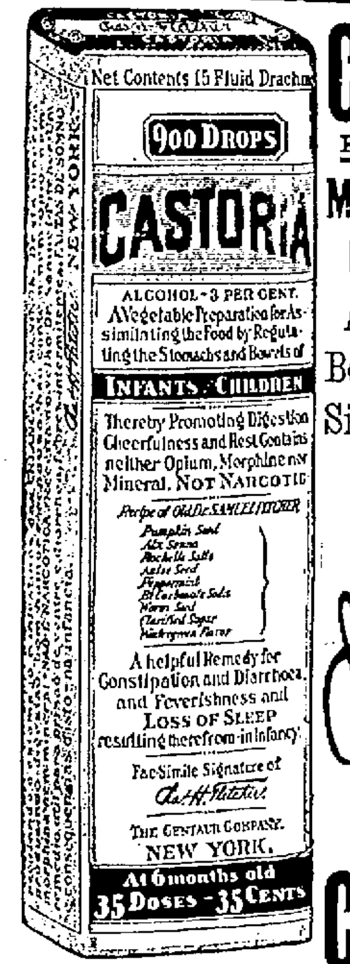
This, roughly ascertained by sighting a line with the compass and stepping off 880 yards, brought them up on a knoll that commanded the small basin of which the clearing was practically in the center.

"Aha!" Bill exclaimed. "Look at our ranch, would you; our widespread acres basking in the sun. A quarter section is quite a chunk. Do you know I never thought much about it before, but there's a piece of the finest land that lies outdoors. If this country should get a railroad and settle up, that quarter section might produce all the income we'd need. Just out of hay and potatoes. How'd you like to be a farmer's wife, huh?"

"Fine," she smiled. "Look at the view—it isn't gorgeous. It's—it's simply peaceful and quiet and soothing. I hate to leave it."

"Better be sorry to leave a place than glad to get away," he answered lightly. "Come on, let's pike home and get things in order for the long trail, woman o' mine. I'll teach you how to be a woodland vagabond."

To be continued



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MISUNDERSTOOD HER

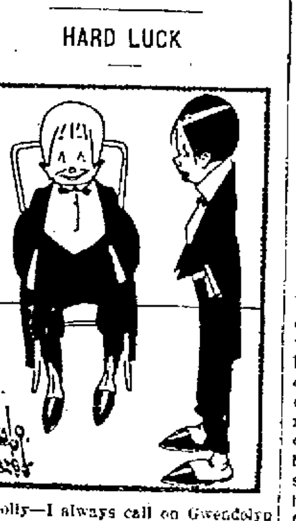
"What is your name?"

"Mrs. O'Hoolihan, mum."

"Do you expect me to call you Mrs. O'Hoolihan?"

"Oh! no, mum; not if yez got an alarm clock, mum."

HARD LUCK



Cholly—I always call on Gwendolyn when her father's at his club.

Reggie—It always seems to be my luck to call when he has his club at home.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE KITCHEN CABINET

A morning glory at my window satisfies me more than all the metaphysics of books.

THE ART OF COOKERY.

We are told that cookery is one of the fine arts. Where can one mix colors giving greater delight than in a tasty dish? The development of cookery and its progress has gone hand in hand with civilization. The more intelligent a people the more attention they pay to the food which they give their families. It is an art as old as history and its evolution is as interesting a study as the evolution theory is to the scientist.

Probably more people are spending a part or all of their time cooking than in any other occupation. The importance of food selection and preparation is the most important factor on which rests the health, happiness and prosperity of mankind.

Cookery has its law of proportion or right values, its law of harmony and contrast as does all other arts.

Cookery appeals to the taste as music appeals to the hearing or color to the sight.

An educated sense of taste is as gratifying as the indulgence of any of the senses and as necessary for good digestion and physical as well as mental well being.

The study of cookery should be a part of every young woman's education. She should know when she has prepared a well-balanced meal as well as to know how to cook one. She should be able to feed the sick, the aged, an office man, a farmer, or a baby intelligently.

To serve a meal that is attractive to the eye, satisfying to the taste and nourishing to the body, food that is digestible and the cost of which is kept within reasonable bounds of the income, is an accomplishment which any young woman may be proud of attaining. Such accomplishments come only by practice and training. Few cooks are born cooks; most of them have attained their proficiency as other artists attain theirs, by hard work and practice.

A trained cook should be in position to command respect, for she keeps people well by providing them with the right kind of food, while the professional doctor only takes us for repairs. Perhaps some day we will become as progressive as some of our Oriental brothers who pay their physicians to keep them well.

Nellie Maxwell

Soap Bubble Lasts for Months.

The air of an ordinary room is filled with tiny particles of matter which fall on the airy soap bubble, alter the surface tension, and—poof—it is gone, says the Popular Science Monthly. The effect of these minute particles on the stability of bubbles was first brought to light by Sir Dewar. He experimented in clarified air until he was able to produce bubbles which lasted for months. He has even produced a soap film, which was a year old recently and which seems to remain just as it was. So tell the children that the secret of successful soap bubbling is to have a perfectly pure soap solution and to blow the bubbles in and with air that is also perfectly pure.

The Goat's Foot.

Did you ever notice the shape and the build of a goat's foot? Its fitness for rock climbing is only one sign of God's marvelous care in fitting his creatures for the kind of work they must do.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics at 4 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous I-P Line of Loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1,00 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

NOTICE

OFFICE OF

Newport Gas Light Co

181 THAMES ST.

No Coke will be sold or orders received for same until further notice.

Newport Gas Light Co.

SOLDIER WEIGHS 283 POUNDS

Heavyweight Comes From Iowa With Chum, Who Weighs but 132 Pounds.

Waterloo, Ia.—Black Hawk county has probably furnished the largest soldier in Iowa, if not in the United States. Dallas Strum, who was called by the local board and sent to Ames for special training, weighs 283 pounds. He lacked one inch of being six feet. Strum despaired entering the army, as he gained 20 pounds since being examined last January.

With Strum went Verne Clark, who lacked one inch of being five feet and weighed 132 pounds.

How Mosquitoes Hatch.

We have all heard about the mosquito's habit of laying its eggs on the surface of still water in the form of a raft, which floats about until hatching time arrives. But it is only some species that do that. In the Catskill region, and elsewhere among the mountains of the North and East, there is a kind of mosquito that deposits its eggs during July in dry hollows in the ground. When the following spring arrives the snows melting from the hills fill the hollows with water, and in May the eggs hatch out.

Ventilate Coal Piles.

Unless coal piles are well ventilated spontaneous combustion will follow. To prevent spontaneous combustion, the bureau of mines gives these suggestions: (1) Build a coal bin on dry ground. (2) Store only one size of coal in each pile. (3) Remove fine coal for immediate use if possible. (4) Don't wet and dry the coal alternately while piling. (5) Store the coal in small piles near the place where it is to be stored. (6) Use small bins in storage yards.

Canals in Sponges.

Most sponges have a canal system, and there is a continual current of sea water passing through it, always flowing in the same direction. The water is made to flow in that way by a series of peculiar cells, the like of which has not been found in any of the higher animals. The sponges depend entirely for their life on this water current.

Natural Sequence.

In one of his essays Aristotle says this: "I have noticed that land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits also produces a very excellent, intelligent and able class of men and women." Aristotle seemed to look upon this as a sort of coincidence but later in life he discovered that instead of being a coincidence it was a sequence.

Tobacco Raising in Scotland.

During the American Civil war tobacco became so dear that several unsuccessful attempts were made in Scotland for its cultivation. The chief seat of the new culture was in the neighborhood of Kelso, where it succeeded so well that sixteen and one half statute acres brought $520 per acre.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, August 17, 1918

Russia is gradually coming into her own again. With the aid of men and means from the United States and other allies she will soon throw off the German yoke and become once more a power on the side of democracy.

The Huns have lost nearly one hundred thousand men in the last few weeks, many guns and much ammunition. How much longer they can keep this up must be a serious question with the Kaiser.

It is said that in the event of Congressman O'Shaunessy landing the Democratic Senatorial nomination, his former clerk, Lewis A. McGowan of Providence will be the Democratic nominee for Congress from this district.

The total wheat crop for 1918 is estimated to be near the billion mark, or in round figures, 931,000,000 bushels. This is an increase of 15 per cent over the average crop for the years 1912 to 1916 and a jump of 43 per cent over last year's yield.

There are some eighteen thousand men from Rhode Island in the service. Many of them are at the front in France. The others are scattered in the various camps throughout the United States. Some six or seven thousand of this number have qualified as voters this fall. Those in this country will probably be able to cast their votes at the state election in November, but those who are chasing the Huns out of France will hardly have time to stop to vote.

The State, Senatorial and Congressional conventions in this State this year will be held on September 24, which will be nearly one month earlier than usual. This will be necessary so as to give time to prepare the ballots and get them into the hands of the soldiers and sailors scattered throughout the world. The caucuses in the cities and towns will be held between September 18th and 21st.

The state of Illinois has been one hundred years one of Uncle Sam's family of states. It proposes to celebrate the occasion. The governors of every state in the Union have been invited to attend the first meeting of the series of celebrations, on August 26. A great mass meeting is to be held on the Illinois state fair grounds; the governor of the state will preside and Theodore Roosevelt will deliver the principal address.

More than 800 penalties for violation of rules and regulations governing licensed dealers in foodstuffs have been imposed during the past 10 months by the Food Administration. About 150 companies and individuals have been ordered to quit business in licensed commodities for a limited or unlimited period, and over 500 have voluntarily made a money payment, usually to the Red Cross, or have temporarily abstained from doing business, rather than risk calling down more drastic penalties upon their heads.

WHAT THE WAR HAS COST.

The money expended by the seven leading belligerents for purely war purposes during the four years of war has been estimated at about $134,000,000,000. The enormous magnitude of this sum is beyond all comprehension and can be grasped only in terms of comparison with other wars. It has been said that this sum is greater than all combined money expenditures for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. The total cost of all the wars fought since the American revolution, the aggregate fighting period covering 60 years, was only $23,000,000,000, making the expenditures of the present war for only four years six times greater. It is about one-third of the total national wealth of the chief belligerents. The combined average daily war cost, computed on a four-year basis, is about $107,500,000, or $4,479,900 each hour of the day.

Besides these staggering costs there have been appalling military destructions in the invaded areas from which it will require enormous efforts of human energy to recuperate, and some of which are irreparable. The total area of the war zone is 174,000 square miles, of which the western theatre of the war, in France and Belgium, stretches over an area of 19,500 square miles and contains over 3,60[illegible] cities, villages and hamlets, great manufacturing and agricultural districts, of which some have been totally annihilated and some heavily affected. The estimate by the [illegible] Trade Council of [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] and industries [illegible] Belgium $1,000,000,000, and in France $700,000,000. The destruction of agricultural buildings and implements, of raw materials, of crops and livestock, has been estimated at a sum of $780,000,000 Belgium and $690,000,000 in France. Roads were destroyed frequently by the retiring troops and have been seriously damaged by heavy gunfire and excessive use. The losses from destruction of railway bridges, etc., have been estimated in Belgium at $275,000,000, in France at $300,000,000.

One of the important sources of loss in the present war is shipping, of which more or less accurate figures are obtainable. The total losses in shipping to the allies and neutrals up to Aug. 1, 1918, are estimated at 15,000,000 tons. This is almost one-third of the world's 48,500,000 tons of pre-war shipping; the most of the loss tonnage of pre-war value is estimated at $1,050,041,010.

But the greatest and most irreparable loss entailed by the war is, of course, the loss of human life. It is the greatest, because life is a priceless thing, and no value can be set upon it, Still, in economics, can be set upon it. Still, in economics, the number of men already lost is 8,503,000 killed and 7,175,000 permanently disabled or a total of 15,684,000. This estimate does not include any of the losses in the last thirty days of fighting.

R. I. MEN HEROES

Rhode Island has been in the forefront in the fighting in France for the past few days. The Providence Journal's staff correspondent says:

Rhode Island's artillerymen went through the hardest endurance test of their career during the recent fighting on the Marne sector, in which they played so important a part in driving the Huns back to the Vesle river. Long marches, continuous fighting, without food and without sleep, and illnesses brought on by the drinking of water poisoned by the retreating Germans combined to test the metal of the Rhode Island men, and they stood up under it magnificently. Narrow escapes from death became so common they provoked only a smile, and hardly a man in the batteries but had his own story of how it feels to "smell the breath" of a Teuton shell. Despite the terrible strain of constant fighting and the confusion attendant upon so great an engagement, the Rhode Island boys found time to mark themselves as heroes. For three days and three nights the Rhode Island batteries were on the go without a let-up. During this period the horses did not have their harnesses off, because of the constant necessity of moving the guns forward to keep the range of the retreating Germans. For 36 hours so fierce was the fighting and so frequent the orders to move the guns forward, the commissary had the food for the artillerymen left on his hands uneaten. For two solid days and nights, at the height of the Hun retreat, every man in the batteries was on duty without a minute's lay-off.

AFTER THE WAR

A prominent financial organization claims that after the war we will see dull times. It says: "Taking trade as a whole, there will be serious depression after the war, owing to many factors. This depression will be great, immediate, and will continue for a long period. It will particularly affect luxury trades. Among reasons for this opinion are: The government will immediately cancel munition contracts; there will be a considerable shortage of tonnage and a serious lack of railway facilities, owing to inadequacy of rolling stock, etc.; much dislocation of trade and industry will be experienced during demobilization; trade organization, which was proceeding, will necessarily be delayed, pending settlement of satisfactory relations between employers and employed; and much time will be occupied by works and factories in changing from production of munitions of war to articles of peaceful commerce."

POTATO DESSERTS.

Let the American woman, who complains when she is asked to give up her wheat to the soldiers, think of the women of France and be grateful that she has many other foods to use instead, while the French woman in sending food to her soldiers is suffering real privation. Whatever she gives up for the sake of her loved ones at the front means just so much less for her to eat herself. There are no other foods for the French woman to use as substitutes.

We, on the other hand, need suffer no privation. The biggest sacrifice we are asked to make, that of giving up all our wheat, does not necessitate our even going without our desserts.

The following are two delicious potato desserts that are recommended by the Food Administration.

Potato Pudding

1½ cups mashed potatoes
4 tablespoons fat
2 eggs well beaten
½ cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
½ lemon (juice and rind)
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup raisins and nut meats

Boil potatoes, mash and add fat, eggs, milk, lemon juice, grated peel and sugar. Beat all ingredients together and bake in a greased dish ¾ hour or longer. Serve with milk.

White Potato Custard or Pie

2 cups riced baked potatoes
4 eggs beaten slightly
1 cup sugar
1-3 cup fat
¼ cup thin cream or top milk
Juice and rind of one lemon

Mix in the order given, beat hard for 5 minutes, pour into pans lined with barley pastry crust. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes or until custard is set. This makes two pies, or cooked in the form of patties it makes eight.

Optimistic Thought.

Riches are well if gotten well and well spent.

PORTSMOUTH.

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at Town Hall on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

In Town Council, a communication from Henry A. C. Taylor, relating to automobile speeding in this town was received, and the clerk was instructed to inform Mr. Taylor that action had already been taken.

The petition of Hattie J. Stone of Bristol Ferry, complaining that she is unable to have her house connected with electric lights, and asks the council to intercede, was received, and Frank C. Cory and Charles L. Sewall were appointed a committee to act in the matter and report at the next meeting.

Damage done by dogs to chickens belonging to Charles B. Ashley, amounting to $3.20, and to goslings belonging to Clarence E. Brown, amounting to $11.60, were ordered paid.

The petition of Clarence E. Brown, praying for permission to move a certain building over Glen Street and East Main road to his premises, was granted with the usual instructions.

Rev. John Cornell appeared in person in relation to the nuisance of dust, and wishing that the highway might be sprayed; the condition of the highway generally; the alleged trespassing of the town-farm keeper, cutting wood on his premises, "of course by mistake," and asking that the same might be paid for. Complaint was entered to the town sergeant, not the present one, about trespassing. The president explained to Mr. Cornell that oil cannot be obtained for use on any road; in regard to trespassers the council is willing to do all in its power, and in regard to wood taken by the keeper of the town farm, Mr. Sowle, commissioner of the town farm, was able to report at this meeting, and it was voted to pay Mr. Cornell $3 for wood taken.

In Probate Court the last will and testament of Joseph Reddington, was read, proved and ordered recorded, and Joseph McGuirk appointed executer. A personal bond of $2,000 but no inventory was required.

The inventory of the estate of Edward P. Brown was returned, allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of George R. Hicks, administrator of the estate of Edward P. Brown, praying for a license to sell certain articles at private sale, was received and allowed, providing said articles shall not be sold for less than appraised value.

The petition of George R. Hicks, administrator of the estate of Edward P. Brown, praying for 6 months' support of the family, was referred to the 9th day of September.

The first and final account of John C. Burke and Robert Franklin, administrators of the estate of Manuel F. Brazil, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Julia Sherman and others, praying to be appointed administratrix of the estate of William S. Sherman was referred to the 9th day of September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Alger of Pittsburg, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham, have concluded their visit.

News has been received of the safe arrival overseas of Sergeant Ernest Cross, and Elliott Anthony.

On Monday Mrs. Lucy M. Anthony, Mrs. Arthur Smith and son Allen, Misses Fannie and Grace Hicks motored to Bridgewater, Mass., to visit Mrs. John F. Chase, who is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Bennett.

Mr. Harold Sherman, U. S. N. R. F., has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Sherman, of Glen Street. Mr. Sherman has just completed his eighth trip to France and return, and now he will be stationed in New York.

Mr. Herman Holman, U. S. A., has been spending the week with his parents, Town Sergeant Frederick W. Holman and Mrs. Holman. He will return to the Rest Camp at Otisville, N. Y., in a few days. Mr. Holman has been seriously ill while in France, and was sent to Otisville to recover. He has improved in health during his stay here. Mr. and Mrs. Holman have also been entertaining Mrs. Boren of Orange, Mass., mother of the late Mrs. Herman Holman, Miss Ruth Boren, also of Orange, and Mr. William Boren, U. S. N. R. F., of New London, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle F. Holman of Springfield, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clifton T. Holman.

Lieut. Howard Pearce, Mrs. Pearce and Miss Muriel Pearce, who have been at their home here, have returned to Texas. They plan to take an apartment there and stay all winter. Lieut. Pearce is connected with the aviation department at Ellington Field.

During the wrecking of some of the old buildings at the Coal Mines three boys went into one of the buildings which was so weakened that when they pulled away some of the woodwork the structure crumbled and fell, burying them in debris. One boy received a fracture in his leg, and the others were cut and bruised.

Mr Fred Severney of Fall River, who has been at Camp Devens for nearly a year, has been given a medical discharge, because of an accident to his foot which has not responded to treatment, and he has been forced to use a crutch. Mr. Severney is now visiting his cousin, Mr. Andrew Durfee, and Mrs. Durfee.

Mr. Carl Daniels, machinist's mate, first class, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sherman of Glen Street. Mr. Daniels comes from one of the aviation camps.

During the severe electrical storm on Friday last, Mr. Benjamin C. Sherman's barn was struck and burned to the ground. The barn was completely filled with hay, and this burned. There were three horses and two cows in the barn, and an effort was made to rescue these but two of the horses perished. The neighbors rendered all the assistance possible, and the Tiverton chemical came over and prevented the fire from burning anything more, although there was another building very near which was filled with potatoes just dug. At Herbert E. Chase's several farm buildings were struck and the wood-work torn away and splintered.

Out of Sight.

When a good-looking girl smiles at a man he always forgets that he is carrying his wife's picture in his watch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Aug. 17 1918—Last bulletin gave the forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Aug. 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 to 21. This will complete the great August hot wave and the hot winds that will visit parts of the principal corn and cotton sections. Following this thunder showers are expected that will cool the atmosphere.

Next warm waves will reach Vancouver about Aug. 20 and 24 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. They will cross crest of Rockies by close of August 21 and 25, plains sections 22 and 26, meridian 90, Great Lakes and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 23 and 27, eastern sections 24 and 28, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Aug. 25 and 29. Storm waves will follow about one day behind warm waves and cool waves about one day behind storm waves.

Thunder showers are expected with this storm followed by a cool wave with unusually low temperatures. A frost wave will follow this and frosts during the five days centering on Aug. 29 in sections where frosts sometimes occur late in August. Unusually cool weather is expected from Aug. 28 to Sept 12 and then another hot wave Sept 13 to 25. Some of the greatest storms of recent years are expected from Sept. 15 to 30.

At the time of this writing—Aug. 3—the government reports and also the best private reports indicate that the corn and cotton crops have been seriously damaged by the drouth predicted in these bulletins. The hope of those who do not study weather forecasts is that rains will soon relieve the great drouth.

Cropweather changes about every five or six months. The present cropweather period came in near June 15. The change is usually very little the first month as it was from June 15 to July 15. For the second month, as from July 15 to Aug. 15, the change usually doubles and so on to the end of the period, the greatest extremes coming in the fifth month and if decreasing the great drouth in the fifth month.

Sometimes the cropweather covers five months, sometimes six. The short weather periods cover five days, sometimes six and more rarely seven. The third cropweather period runs close to 14 days. These are the three cropweather periods. Then we have longer periods that range from 6 to 15 years.

Weekly Almanac, AUGUST, 1918

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	Water Eve
17 Sat	4 53	6 45	morn	3 15	3 45
18 Sun	4 51	6 43	12 45	4 12	1 37
19 Mon	4 53	6 42	1 48	5 02	5 23
20 Tues	4 56	6 40	2 52	5 50	6 15
21 Wed	4 57	6 39	4 13	6 36	6 50
22 Thur	4 58	6 37	rises	7 21	7 45
23 Fri	4 59	6 35	7 05	8 05	8 31

New Moon, August 6th 8.30m. Evening
First qr. August 14th 8.16m. Evening
Full Moon, August 22nd 12.02m. Morning
Moon's last qr. August 28th 9.37m. Evening

Marriages

By Rev. C. F. Beattie, in St. John's Church, August 12th, Daniel Updike Hoxsie and Laure Grosjean

Deaths.

In this city, August 12, Paul, infant son of Joseph W. and Jennie (Schilly) Brown.

In this city, 12th inst., Mary, widow of John Smith.

In this city, Aug. 15, Hugh McMahon.

In Providence, 15th inst., Rev. Dennis M. Lowney, Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Providence.

In Staten Island, N. Y., 14th inst., Alice Phinney, wife of Colonel Wert Robinson, D. S. O., and daughter of the late Theodore W. and Rose D. Phinney.

We have just received a full line of

Grass and Garden SEEDS

Of all kinds for Season of 1918

All new stock

HAY STRAW, GRAIN and POULTRY

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

Marsh and Third Sts

162 Broadway Newport

'Meet me at Barney's.

You Need Some of the NEW AUGUST VICTOR RECORDS

Just Received at

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeland

Thomas O'Connor, a lineman for the Lowell Electric Light company, Lowell, Mass., slipped while handling wires, and sustained injuries which caused his death.

Private Austin Francis Heffernan, 20, of Dorchester, Mass., a marine at the Naval magazine, was electrocuted while on guard duty at the power house in Hingham.

The Brookline, Mass., assessors announce that the tax rate will be $16.80, a reduction of 40 cents from last year's rate. The total valuation of the town is about $93,000,000.

The estate of the late Frederick Ayer, of Boston, medicine manufacturer and mill owner, was valued at $15,834,778 in a report filed by the executors at Salem, Mass.

Leaning against a tree with his throat cut, Walter E. Smith of Malden, Mass., was found by his daughter, Miss Caroline Smith, in the Middlesex Fells. Smith disappeared from home on Monday.

An automobile containing five persons bound from Taunton, Mass., for their homes in Boston ran into a freight train at the Whiteman street grade crossing and two of the occupants were instantly killed.

As the result of a crusade on poolrooms throughout Boston four young men were given a month's sentence at the house of correction, and four others were given four months' suspended sentences, all as slackers.

Mrs. Lillian D. Beal of Boston paid a fine of $8 and costs in municipal court in Franklin, N. H., where she was charged with violating the speed limit. City Marshal Manchester testified she was driving 40 miles an hour.

Warrants for the arrest of 700 citizens who failed to pay state income taxes in 1916 were issued at Boston by tax commissioner Trefry. The amount involved was $36,000, out of a total assessment of approximately $12,000,000.

Charles P. Robinson, 80, died at his home in Pittsfield, Mass. He was born in Pittsfield. He was a manufacturer of paper boxes 50 years. Up to his 77th year he walked annually to the summits of Greylock and other Berkshire mountains.

Rhode Island will register 33,407 men under the new draft age extension, assuming that the ages are fixed from 18 to 45, according to an estimate submitted by Capt. George H. Webb, director of the draft, based upon the census of 1910.

Ensign O. N. Roe of Massachusetts, a naval aviator, who was reported as missing since May 30 off the Dutch coast, where his seaplane broke down after being attacked by five German planes, is a prisoner in Germany, according to a letter received from him in London.

Charles Rogers of Burlington, Vt., and his son, James Rogers of Rutland, Vt., enlisted at the Manchester, N. H., office of the British and Canadian recruiting mission. The father was deferred until a later date, owing to slight physical defects which may be remedied.

Robert J. Kelley of Batavia street, Boston, claiming to be a cigar salesman, but said by the police to be a "bookie" was arraigned in Central court charged with "loafing." He showed $1500 when bailing himself. Under plea of not guilty his case went over to Aug. 28.

Fifty-four shoe manufacturers of Haverhill, Mass., have issued a statement to the effect that they would not recognize the Allied Shoe Workers' union, many of whose members have been on strike for several weeks for increases in pay and recognition of their organization.

Mrs. Harry Stokes of Hanson, Mass., was struck by lightning and instantly killed during a severe storm that passed over the town last week. Mrs. Stokes was alone in the house at the time. The bolt entered the house through the kitchen partition and played havoc with the furnishings.

A letter has been received by Postmaster Murray of Boston from A. M. Dockery, third assistant postmaster-general, congratulating him upon the splendid showing made in July in postal savings deposits by the Boston postoffice. During the month the net gain was $129,381, the total amount on deposit July 31 being $3,352,576.

The war department, in a telegram to John Quinn, president of the Brockton Independent Cutters' association, gave warning that "action in attempting to establish separate unions is endangering half the needed production in shoes for troops, and that a continuance of this would inevitably lead to the placing of contracts outside of Brockton."

A message pledging maximum efforts in expediting the building of a bridge of ships to France was sent to General Pershing by the employes at the Fore River and Squantum plants of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding corporation. Ground was broken by the government for dormitories for 1666 men at the two plants. There will be 25 buildings in all.

Patrick J. Duane, United States deputy marshal, former mayor of Waltham, Mass., has entered three $5000 suits in the Suffolk superior court against Chief of Police Daniel R. McKay of Quincy and John Whalen and Daniel H. Doran, both of Quincy, Mass., for alleged assault on him and imprisonment and restraining him of his liberty.

A trolley car ran off the tracks and speeded along the east sidewalk of Purchase street, New Bedford, Mass., killing William Lemos, who was walking with his wife and two children. Mrs. Lemos and the children were on the inside of the walk and were uninjured, but Mr. Lemos, who was knocked down and run over by the car wheels, was killed instantly.

Massachusetts still needs 100 young women to register for service in order to fill her quota for the United States Student Nurse Reserve. Miss Helen Wood, who is representing the Council of Defence at the central recruiting station, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, states that over 1000 young women have applied to her personally for registration blanks, and the greater number of these have proven eligible.

The Massachusetts constitutional convention voted, 130 to 86, to submit to the people at the fall election a resolution to determine whether the state should develop its natural resources. Supporters of the resolution urged that with authority to develop waterpower the coal deficiency could be overcome. Opponents of the plan expressed fear that it would tend to overthrow existing rights of property owners.

One-fourth of the patrolmen of Haverhill, Mass., have announced their intention of asking for leave of absence for the duration of the war to work in a shipbuilding plant at Portsmouth, N. H., Police Commissioner Roswell L. Wood declared, when informed that members of the police force were planning to shake their uniforms and seek war jobs, that there is not a man on the force who can be driven away from it.

Clarence H. Cooper of Boston, George D. Burrage and Stanley Bishop of Brookline, and W. C. Wait of Medford, members of the Bar Association of the City of Boston were made defendants in a suit for $150,000 brought by Horatio N. Allin, who was disbarred last month. Allin claims that he was disbarred by the association following a conspiracy to extort money from him. He practised law from 1879 to 1916.

In the height of one of the worst electrical storms that has ever visited Weymouth, Mass., a bolt of lightning entered the bungalow of Norman F Tupper on North av., demolished the chimney and the stove and then struck Mr. Tupper, who was sitting alone in the bungalow. All that Mr. Tupper remembers is having heard a crash, and when he revived saw that he was bleeding on the right foot. The bolt had ripped off the shoe and stocking from his right foot and also had torn off the four smaller toes. The skin was stripped from the sole of the foot, the heel injured and the ankle broken.

Manchester, N. H.—Wholesale wood dealers are paying $8 and $8.50 a cord to wood choppers for chopping and stacking one cord of wood, and under these prices choppers are earning from $4 to $6 a day in the woods, prices hitherto unheard of in New Hampshire. A first class chopper, if he keeps busy every minute can chop and pile two cords in a long working day. Hard wood retails from $14 a cord to $15, sawed and delivered. It costs $1.00 more if split. Coal is selling at $10.75 for egg coal and $11.00 for stove and nut, delivered at the sidewalk entrance to the bin. Delivered in bags it costs one dollar extra.

Thirty-three hundred Massachusetts registrants in Class One are called to the colors under orders issued by Gen. Crowder to Maj. Roger Wolcott. Five hundred of this number are to go to Camp Devens during the five-days' period beginning Aug. 26, and 2400 are to be sent to Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., during the same period. Only physically fit white men qualified for general military service are to be inducted under his order and the number called must be actually entrained. Maj. Wolcott is authorized to allot these calls in such a manner as will produce the required number of qualified men from within Class One.

BAN ON PLEASURE AUTOS.

Manufacturers Must Put Plants on National Industry Basis.

Washington.—The War Industries Board notified the Automobile Chamber of Commerce that there would be practicaly no steel available for pleasure cars and warned the pleasure car manufacturers to transfer their plants to war work by the first of the year if they hope to hold their business and their organizations together.

All manufacturers are rapidly falling into line.

FORM NEW EASTERN FRONT.

Arctic Doorway of Russia Firmly Held by Allied Troops.

London.—There is once more an allied "eastern front." The British war office issued an official statement on the fighting which followed the landing of allied detachments at Archangel.

It shows that "the opposing force supported by Germans" has been driven back 70 miles south of Archangel, which port is firmly held by the allies.

The Nose Dive.

"The nose dive is a dangerous maneuver," says an aviation teacher. The nose dive is not only dangerous in aviation, but in julepation as well. A nose dive into a julep is exhilarating but at last it makes the nose look like a premium strawberry.—Houston Post.

Those Dear Girls.

[illegible]

FOCH RIPS OPEN PICARDY FRONT

Franco-British Troops Launch Powerful Offensive on Wide Front in Somme Region.

STRIPS FOE OF INITIATIVE.

Germans, Taken Completely by Surprise, in Full Flight Before the Victors—Prospect That Somme Salient Will Be Wiped Out.

London.—Marshal Foch has struck the Germans another staggering blow, this time with his mighty left fist.

The allied chief, realizing that the enemy forces under the German Crown Prince were still groggy from the punch which knocked them out of the Marne pocket and that the divisions borrowed from Crown Prince Rupprecht probably had not been returned, seized the opportunity to smash into the Germans in the Albert-Montdidier salient.

The German official night report concedes the allied victory on the new battle front, saying: "The enemy has forced his way into our positions."

The Prussians and Bavarians fled before the advancing infantry and tanks, leaving many of their guns behind them.

The number of prisoners taken during the first day of the drive by the French and British in Picardy exceeds 10,000, according to the latest news from the battle front.

The allies also have taken an enormous booty in guns and material, says Marcel Hutin in the Echo de Paris.

The drive was a complete surprise to the enemy. The troops had been concentrated in the night. At daybreak Sir Henry Rawlinson's Fourth army went over the top with only three minutes' artillery preparation.

As the British charged, the French First army, on their right, commanded by General Debeney, began a heavy bombardment lasting 45 minutes. Then the French also advanced to the attack.

A tremendous number of tanks, including many of the speedy "Whippets," did great execution among the foe. British cavalry and motor machine gun batteries were also thrown in. The cavalry galloped through gaps the tanks made in the enemy lines, rode down retreating German wagon columns and captured villages and many prisoners.

The allies were favored by hazy weather, preventing the Germans from seeing the deluge about to engulf them. No enemy airplanes appeared over the field for several hours.

The weight of the blow fell on the German Eighteenth army, led by the celebrated General von Hutier. It gave way rapidly. At an early hour all the first objectives were reached. After a pause the allies again plunged forward, and the advance continued throughout the day. Only about Morlancourt, at the north end of the line, was the enemy's resistance effective.

In the afternoon the enemy divisions seemed to be in confusion. The allied troops in the first line saw hurried preparations for flight on the horizon. Enemy motor trains were driven off at full speed.

When nightfall came a great wedge had been driven into the enemy lines. This seriously threatens the German positions north and south of it. The enemy must either check Foch's men very soon or retire on a wide front, perhaps back to the Hindenburg line, from which he started with such high hopes on March 21.

"Bolshevik Rule Over."

Kandalaska, Russian Lapland.—The government of the "Country of the North," recently established at Archangel after a revolution against the Bolsheviki, has addressed a proclamation to the people of the district, declaring the Bolshevik regime at an end and announcing that the new government has taken up the duty of governing the region.

"The power of the Bolsheviki is ended," the proclamation declares.

PITH OF THE WAR NEWS

The Anglo-French wedge driven into the flank of the German positions south of the Somme has reached a depth of thirteen miles. Morlancourt has been captured and the Albert railway reached, outflanking Montdidier. Cavalry and tanks, in advance of the infantry, reached within a mile of Chaulnes.

London newspapers say the American army has permitted the allies to regain the initiative and that we are at the turning point of the war.

German experts still are framing alibis for the Marne retreat. They differ as to the cause.

The Huns are stunned by the tremendous losses in the Somme-Rheims fighting and their morale is badly shaken. German aviators are dropping much peace propaganda over the French lines, threatening to destroy Paris unless France makes peace and attempting to convince the people that England and America are deceiving them.

The Germans have also begun evacuating the Lys salient, retiring on a six mile front to a depth of about 2,000 yards. More than 17,000 prisoners were taken by the French and British in the Somme region.

Representative Joseph G. Cannon of Danville, Ill., better known as "Uncle Joe," took the part of auctioneer at the Red Cross drive at Poland Springs and humorously sold the privileges to [illegible] caddies for the Jones-Blake-[illegible] Rosenthal golf match. In all [illegible] than $1,3[illegible] was raised by this method.

HELEN WOODROW BONES

President's Cousin Is a Permanent White House Guest.

A new photograph of Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, cousin of the president, who leaves her home at the White House every morning to fill her position as information desk girl at the headquarters of the District of Columbia chapter of the Red Cross. Formerly she did canteen work, assisting in serving meals to soldiers passing through Washington.

ARMY OF 5,000,000

3,200,000 for Overseas, 720,000 in Home Force.

Change of Policy Due to Allied Governments Asking U. S. to Send 100 Divisions to France.

Washington.—*America's enlarged military program contemplates the organization and maintenance of 98 divisions of troops, of which 80 are to be maintained in France and 18 in this country.*

In other words, on the basis of 40,000 men to a division, the force abroad would reach the total of 3,200,000 and the army at home would number 720,000, the grand total being nearly 4,000,000 men.

These figures were given to the Senate Military Affairs Committee by General Peyton C. March, the chief of staff. They explain the reason for the change of policy on the part of the war department, which has necessitated the new man power bill for the drafting of all men between the ages of 18 and 45.

It was explained to the committee that the allied governments had suggested to this country a policy which would bring to the French front at least 100 divisions of men. There were a number of considerations, however, which made the officials of this government hesitate about embarking upon such an extravagant program. The difficulty of transporting the men and their supplies, the scarcity of shipping and the length of time required in training were all considered in the discussions of the question.

At length it was decided, the committee was told, that the program of 98 full divisions, with 80 in France, would be the proper number to organize and maintain at this time.

About July 20, General March said, the United States reached a decision to enlarge its military program to carry out the policies agreed upon at the recent inter-allied conference at Paris to speed up prosecution of the war and bring it to an early conclusion.

While about 3,000,000 are now under arms, General March declared, army officials think there should be approximately 5,000,000 men at home and in France. In order not to disturb the present draft system and to avoid calling men who had been given exemption, extension of the draft ages is necessary, General March said.

From General March's testimony and other information received the committee has gained the impression that, while all men between the ages of 18 and 45 would be subject to military duty under the new law, it is proposed that those between 18 and 20 years of age shall be kept in this country until the last.

MEAT RESTRICTION ABOLISHED.

Danger of Shortage Is Averted and Supply Is Sufficient.

Washington.—Restrictions on the use of meats were lifted by the food administration. While the American public will be asked to use lighter beef so that the heavier cattle may be exported, the regulation forbidding hotels and other public eating places to serve beef more than once a day are now rescinded, and the ration of one and a half pounds a week to householders is abolished.

BANDITS ROB BANK OF $10,000.

Masked Men Hold Up Indianapolis Officials in Noon Hour.

Indianapolis.—Three masked highwaymen held up the South Side State bank during the noon hour, and after attacking John Lauckat, president and Roy Willetts, assistant cashier, escaped with approximately $10,000.

The bandits drove south at high speed in an automobile bearing an Illinois license. The police believe there were four men in the robbery of the bank.

Mrs Frederick C. Roberts of Brockton, went to the Division 1 Draft Board today and asked that her husband be transferred from Class 4 to [illegible]

MARRIED MEN IN DEFERRED CLASS

Radical Change in Draft Rules Would Eliminate Claiming of Exemption.

SPECIAL CLASS FOR BOYS 18.

All Married Men to Go in Deferred Class—Question of Dependency, Arising From the War, Would Be Eliminated.

Washington.—Marriage is to be automatically a cause for deferred classification in the draft. This was indicated by Secretary Baker, who said he had the matter under consideration and that it would be decided when the new regulations are given out.

New regulations are in course of preparation, Mr. Baker said, to govern classifying the millions who will register when the so called man power bill extending the age limits to eighteen and forty-five, inclusive, becomes law. Important changes affecting the majority of families in the country will be made in the regulations as they now exist.

Two probable changes will affect the relationship which marriage automatically bears to deferred classification and also the present requirement which calls on the individual to state whether or not he claims deferred classification. There has been a general opinion that both these phases of the present draft law should be reconsidered by the war department, and the reason for change is all the more apparent when it comes to extending the age limit up to forty-five, inclusive.

Under present regulations marriage does not necessarily constitute a cause for deferred classification. The question on which it is decided is dependency. Will or will not the families of the registrants suffer, not in a sentimental but in a practical, financial way, if the men are among the first to be called to the colors? This, it is explained, has been the question to decide, and the boards have had the authority to decide it.

In the great majority of cases the board's ruling is probably fair, but the registrant never knows until he has been up before the board whether or not he is going to be placed in a deferred class or in A 1.

With the age limits 21 to 31 this question of dependency concerning married men was easily decided in the majority of cases, because it is rare that a young man has sufficient financial means to insure his family against want regardless of his future labor. But in extending the age limit up to 45 a different condition is found to exist. There are many men between 40 and 45 who by their diligent saving and their life of hard work have laid aside enough to guarantee support for their families regardless of what happens to themselves. Secretary Baker realizes that thousands of heads of families are in this position.

The question at once arises as to what they are to do when called on to answer the question of whether they claim deferred classification on the ground of dependency. These heads of families throughout the land cannot claim that their families are really dependent upon their labor for support. Under the present regulations each and every one of these men might be put in the A1 class by the board and sent into the service under precisely the same conditions that would apply to men with no dependents and with no responsibilities.

As Secretary Baker indicated, he does not propose to have a wholesale breaking up of family life if it can be avoided. He is of the opinion that enough man power can be marshaled without going to this extreme.

Likewise Mr. Baker does not appear to favor the idea of these heads of families being called on to say whether or not they claim exemption or deferred classification on the ground of dependency.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Mr. Lloyd George, British premier, tells North Wales audience he sees "end of tunnel" through which the allies have been traveling for four years, and the "approach into broad daylight of God's sunlight again, in a land of peace, real peace, without apprehension of sinister, dark plotting forces to renew the slaughter."

PARIS.—To preserve efficiency of big guns the United States war department will construct in France a salvage plant.

WASHINGTON.—One million men in the American army in France probably will lose their votes in the fall.

WASHINGTON.—Bumper crops of almost every foodstuff grown on the farm were indicated again in the department of agriculture's monthly crop report.

WASHINGTON.—Appeal to the United States for foodstuffs for starving Finland is made by the ministers of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, who undertake to pledge none of the food will be permitted to reach Germany.

WASHINGTON.—Major General Graves, who will command the American expedition in Siberia, received confidential orders from Secretary Baker.

Miss Louise Swanson of Lawrence and Boston, fiancee of Dr. William H. Hanrahan of Lawrence, was drowned in Cobetts pond, Windham, N. H. when a dory in which 17 people were riding overturned when about 15 fe[illegible] other five [illegible] succeeded in reaching shore.

CAPT. H. FROST.

In Charge of the Crack Red Cross Unit Overseas.

One of the best equipped as well as most beautiful and spacious of the Red Cross hospitals overseas is Unit 21 of the American Red Cross at Paignton, England, of which Capt. H. Frost is the chief surgeon. Captain Frost has under him expert surgeons and physicians and well-trained attendants.

REDS WAR ON ALLIES

Bolshevik Premier Lenine Announces Hostilities.

General Kikuzo Otani, Victor of Tsingtau, to Command Army of the Allies in Siberia.

Washington.—The American consul at Moscow has informed the state department that Lenine, Bolshevik premier, has declared a state of war existing between Russia and the entente allies. Tchitcherin, his foreign minister, explains that rather it is a state of defense on the part of Russia, similar to the situation with respect to the central powers—in other words, a status of armed neutrality against both belligerent groups. An ultimatum has been delivered by Lenine to the Japanese consul based on Japanese intervention.

The American ambassador advises the state department that much may be looked for in the restoration of Russia in the new "government of the north," which has been organized at Archangel. The personnel is not known in full, but Mr. Francis speaks highly of one of the men in the new cabinet.

British representatives at Vladivostok, Murmansk and Archangel have issued a proclamation to the Russian people in the name of the British government, assuring them that the sole purpose of the allies in Russia will be to help them save themselves and their country from Germany.

Japan has assigned General Kikuzo Otani to command the Japanese contingent of the expedition in Siberia, and as the ranking officer he will command the expedition. Major General William S. Graves, the American leader, will sit in the council of allied commanders.

PROHIBIT HELP WANTED ADS.

Help Wanted Labor Ads. Are Prohibited by United States.

Washington.—The department of labor issued a prohibition against the recruiting of common labor by newspaper or other advertising by employers engaged wholly or in part on war work and whose forces exceed 100 employees. Railroads are not included in this list.

The responsibility is placed on the advertiser, though the newspaper is warned to use diligence in determining and excluding prohibited advertisements.

Pimples On Face Cuticura Heals

Large, Red and Hard. Very Sore and Itched. Scratched and Irritated. Looked Badly.

Troubled One Year. Used One Box Cuticura Ointment and Three Cakes Soap.

"My trouble started with pimples, the part affected being my face, mostly on my forehead and cheek. The pimples were large, red and hard and always scaled over. They would be very sore and itch, and I scratched and irritated them. My face looked badly, and I used to wake up at night with the pimples.

"The trouble lasted about one year when I started using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after I had used one box of Cuticura Ointment with two or three cakes of Cuticura Soap my face was healed." (Signed) Percy Coombs, 25 Eastern Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt., October 24, 1917.

Cuticura Soap daily and Cuticura Ointment occasionally prevent pimples.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. R, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

No. 1565

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on June 29, 1918.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$43,165
Overdrafts, secured, $4,?25 61; unsecured, $270 00		,435 7
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000 00	
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness pledged to secure U. S. deposits (par value)		
Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½ per cent. and 4 per cent. unpledged	10,000 00	1
Liberty Loan Bonds, pledged to secure State, or other deposits or bills payable	17,450 00	
Payments actually made on Liberty 4¼ per cent bonds	100,000 00	
Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledged to secure U. S. deposits	280 00	117,828 04
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	56,740 88	
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent. of subscription)	145,145 00	301,885 33
Value of banking house		4,950 00
Real Estate owned other than banking house	24,075 00	24,075 00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		2,000 00
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		52,883 30
Exchanges for Clearing House		187,159 51
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)		12,007 70
Total of Items 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18,		21,532 85
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	220,711 06	
		5,000 00
Total		$1,236,935 54

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		
Surplus fund		$100,000 00
Undivided Profits		65,000 00
Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank		23,419 40
Net amounts due to National Banks		97,300 00
Net amounts due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)		2,?32 41
Total amount of Items 32 and 33		115,032 42
Individual deposits subject to check	120,132 06	
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)		652,978 73
Certified checks		32,670 84
Dividends unpaid		5,571 61
Total of demand deposits subject to reserve		40 23
U. S. Bonds borrowed for which collateral security was furnished	705,517 05	
Bills Payable with Federal Reserve Bank		25,000 00
		100,000 00
Total		$1,236,935 54

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport ss.:

I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of July, 1918.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary public.

Correct Attest:

EDWARD A. BROWN,
EDWARD S. PECKHAM,
WM. H. LANGLEY, Directors.

Savings Bank of Newport

At the annual meeting of the Savings Bank of Newport held Friday, July 19th, 1918, the following officers and trustees were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

President, William H. Hammett
Vice President, William Paine Sheffield.

Trustees

Wm. K. Covell — Wm. Paine Sheffield
Wm. H. Hammett — Anthony Stewart
Wm. P. Buffum — Peter King
Wm P. Carr — William A. Sherman
Wm. W. Covell — H. C. Stevens, Jr.
Bradford Norman — Grant P Taylor
T. T. Pitman

Wm. P. Carr, Secretary.

At the meeting of the trustees, held on the adjournment of said Annual Meeting, the following officers were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

Treasurer, Grant P. Taylor
Asst. Treas., Harry G. Wilks
Secretary, Wm. P. Carr
Bookkeeper, Edwin S. Burdick
Clerk, Abner L. Slocum
Clerk, G. H. Draper
Counsel, Clark Burdick

Auditing Committee
William P. Buffum — William W. Covell

Standing Committee
Bradford Norman — William H. Hammett
William P. Carr — William A. Sherman

Wm. P. Carr, Secretary.

THE NEW LIBERTY LOAN

You no doubt wish to subscribe to the new Liberty Loan, issued by the United States Government. These Bonds afford an investment that is Absolutely Secure and yield a liberal return in interest. We will be pleased to receive your subscription for Liberty Bonds.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

NEWPORT, R. I.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street — Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY — MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to. — CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY — All Goods are Pure Absolutely

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

DID YOU?

Did you ever stumble around in the dark to look for a match, and find that—

Doors stand out nine feet from the wall?

The table reaches entirely across the room?

The electric light switch has disappeared?

The wall advances to the center of the room to meet you?

The chairs each have 27 legs?

And the bureau, upon which you left the matches, has disappeared entirely?—Burr.

Shad Easily Taken.

The habits of the shad lend themselves admirably to the extermination of the fish. They approach the shores in immense schools, actually crowding one another in their efforts to reach the head of the fresh-water streams, where the spawn is deposited. Fishermen learned quickly how to intercept the run by nets in the bays and in the broad mouths of rivers, and the marketable shad are now nearly all caught in this way.

URGES STICKING TO BUSINESS

Physician Asserts That Too Early Retirement of Successful Business Men Is a Mistaken Policy.

To old men who are thinking of retiring from active business Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of the Medical Critic and Guide, gives the celebrated advice once tendered by Punch "to young people about to marry," namely, "Don't!" The counsel often given to those of advancing years, even by physicians, to take things "easier," to give up this and give up that—in short, to lead a dull, empty, vegetable existence, is unqualifiedly bad, Doctor Robinson thinks, although, of course, there are exceptions and special cases. He writes:

"An old man with a very high blood pressure—i. e., high for his age—should not engage in business which is likely to cause him great excitement and throw him in fits of anger; and a man who is showing symptoms of senile dementia should not be intrusted with important affairs; but, generally speaking, there is no reason why a man should give up his work or narrow the circle of his interests, merely because he has celebrated the seventieth or eightieth anniversary of his birthday. The general condition of the man, his fitness, should be the criterion, and not his age in years. We all know that some people at sixty are actually older than some are at seventy or eighty.

"The advice to old men to retire has sometimes, if followed, very disastrous consequences. A man of seventy or eighty is attending to his profession or business in a satisfactory manner, and he feels well. Suddenly he decides or is advised to retire and take things 'easy' for the rest of his days. He does—and in a few weeks or months that man is a physical or mental wreck and ruin. As long as he kept up his mental interests he was all right. A sudden change, a sudden vacuum, I might say, perhaps the pernicious subconscious feeling that now it is all over for him—all that contributed to the disaster. And it is not the physical change so much as the mental that is the important factor. I, for one, am sure that mental activity, mental interest, has a life-prolonging influence, because mental activity stimulates many, if not all, of our vital processes. It is not mental work that ever kills; it is worry that does it, and even its baneful influence has been greatly exaggerated. We know of octogenarians whose lives have been one round of trouble."

Great Home Army.

More than 2,400,000 boys and girls were reached through club work last year, according to a compilation recently made by the United States department of agriculture, which supervises this work in co-operation with state agricultural colleges. Of this number approximately 350,000 made complete reports, which show that they produced and conserved products amounting to $10,000,000. In the 33 Northern and Western states 840,600 boys and girls were enrolled. Of this number 160,625 made complete reports and produced and conserved products valued at $3,700,000. In the South there were 115,745 boys enrolled in the regular work, who produced products valued at $4,500,000, and 73,300 girls, who produced and conserved products valued at $1,500,000. In the emergency club work in the South the club leaders reached over 400,000 boys and approximately 1,000,000 girls, who produced and conserved products valued at more than $4,000,000.

"Stocking Room" for Banks.

Has your bank a stocking room? The Security bank of Oakland, Cal., couldn't sell Liberty bonds without theirs. Here is how it works:

Mrs. Oaklander enters. "I want to buy a Liberty bond, please."

"All right; sign here," says the pleasant bank clerk.

After this the good woman hesitates, blushes. She makes wavering passes and then looks around with a hunting and hunted look.

The pleasant bank clerk knows the symptoms and politely inquires: "Would you like to use the stocking room?"

Mrs. Oaklander retires to the little side room and makes a run on "the first national bank."

When the Soul Is Hurt.

The most terrific thing in the world is sin. A man is never hurt until his soul is hurt, and the only thing that can hurt his soul is sin.—Plumer.

Would Puzzle Socrates.

Were Socrates to come among us now he would probably want to know why Mexican poodles have no hair, Manx cats no tails, and pacifists no peace.

That's the Question.

Mr. Oldboy—"Marry me and I could die happy." Miss Bright—"Yes, you could—but would you?"

Fixed Expression.

"There is one queer thing about the so-called auto face."

"What is that?"

"It is not a mobile face."

Her Illustration.

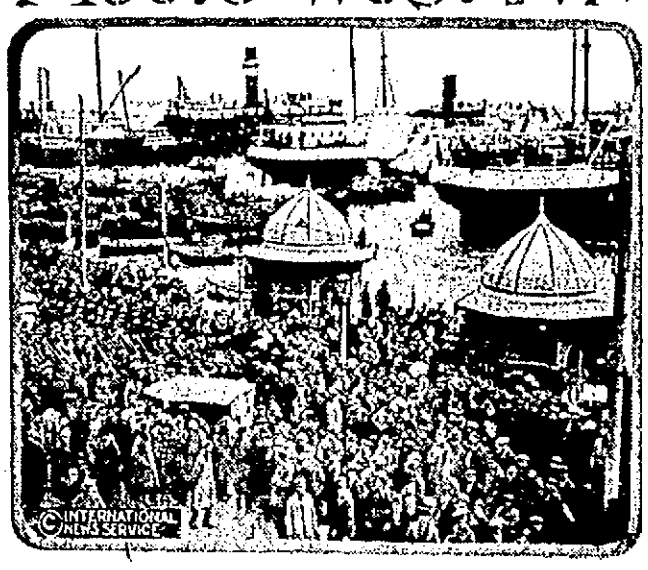
"Nature herself teaches us that success depends on system."

"I admit she's made a shining example in her solar system."

Summer Idleness.

"What do you think of that fellow Hingham talks about?" "[illegible] Age-Herald.

Where East Meets West



View of Saloniki Harbor.

SALONIKI is one of those extraordinary spots where East meets West, where man's latest inventions are seen side by side with the simple implements of centuries ago, a land of many people and quaint customs. War has brought Saloniki into the limelight, and in years to come many of those who soldiered there will feel that they have added a strange experience to their lives. It has always been the fashion to criticize military administration; still, however slow war office machinery may be, it usually gets you somewhere in the end. It may not, of course, be the place you particularly wanted; but you get there just the same and make the best of it, writes a British officer in the Christian Science Monitor. I never thought of going to Saloniki, but one fine morning orders came for my dispatch, and in due course to the Orient I came.

Of the country I was bound for I knew little or nothing. It was a part of the Levant, most of the European powers had a post office there, and I had heard something of the wily Levantine and his ways, that was all. I was quickly to absorb a good deal more information, for the moment you land in Saloniki it thrusts itself upon you with a joyous shout and many smells.

Pearl of the Orient.

It was midday when we entered the harbor, perhaps one of the finest in the world, and, taking into account its natural possibilities, little wonder that Saloniki is the Pearl of the Orient. The first impression is good, nothing could be finer or more picturesque than the general appearance of the town. Countless minarets rise above the houses, and an occasional group of tall, stately poplars give the necessary tone of green to relieve the white mass of buildings. The town slopes up from the sea front, the old citadel in the Turkish quarter behind making a good background and helping to remind one that this, until recently, was a part of the Ottoman empire. Behind the town again stretch the seemingly endless ranges of hills, tier on tier, devoid of trees and with signs of habitation few and far between.

The harbor itself is a fine picture and affords an excellent setting to the whole panoramic effect. Few types of craft are not represented there, from the modern battleship flying the tricolor of France, to the quaint, gaudily painted vessel, rigged with a single triangular shaped sail, high out of the water at the prow and stern, a relic of the days when the hardy Phoenician mariner made Saloniki his port of call. There are British, American, Italian and Russian traders lying side by side, and a little way out a white hospital ship, which, in more peaceful times, flew the house flag of the Union Castle line. Picture all this under a turquoise sky, and the result is not unpleasing.

The military landing officer is soon on board and after a few words with the O. C. troops, we commence the disembarkation ceremony. Yes, the best impression of Saloniki is to be had from the deck of a transport—and for choice the boat should be outward bound.

Groups Talk on Street.

As we land we get a closer and better view of the nearest buildings and the strange crowds of people. At Saloniki the quayside belongs to everybody; just as the boats of all nations come to anchor in her harbor, so do men of every race, caste and station come to rest on the waterside. Along the front are shops of all kinds, one or two of the chief hotels, and the continental style of cafe is present in force. The shops are mostly of the open kind; that is, you are expected to do business through an open window while you stand on the pavement. You will, of course, be in the way of all pedestrians, especially as there will be sure to be one or two interested spectators of your deal; but then, to stop the traffic, either on the king's highway or on the sidewalk, is quite permissible in Saloniki.

Two friends meet in the street, they stop, exchange salutations, and an animated conversation ensues. They take up a great deal of room; but every one respects the unwritten law of the Orient and our two friends continue their discourse, heedless of time and [illegible] only [illegible] oriental can be. This sort of thing would be entirely out of place in a western land. Should we attempt it, our fellow men would resent it, and we should become exceedingly unpopular. All this may seem rather a small matter to dwell upon; but it is really one of those peculiarities which make a great impression on the new arrival. In course of time we grow accustomed to it, and usually find ourselves respecting the law of the East. Later on we, too, will indulge in the same promiscuous habits of conversation.

People of Many Races.

As we pass from the landing stage on our road to the base camps it is borne home to us that the inhabitants are of many and varied races, and if further proof were wanting the clamor of many tongues would at once confirm it. Bearded, sun-tanned fishermen, fine fellows, who would add luster to any stage production of "Sinbad," spruce, well-dressed clerks and merchants and hosts of ragged, nondescript rascals mingle together on all sides. Turkish women with yashmak and quaint trouserings, all complete, move side by side with Greek ladies, arrayed in the very latest vogue, and heedless of the passing throng strides a tall Greek priest, umbrella in hand, with his flowing black robes and his ample locks crowned by the quaint headdress of his creed—not unlike an inverted tall hat.

Crowds of soldiers of course are there, khaki-clad English and Serbs, Frenchmen, prominent in their new blue uniforms, sage-coated Italians and Russians in their tightly-belted blouse tunics. Add to all this motley crowd swarms of partially clad children, whose never ceasing cry is "penny, Johnny," and you have some idea of what a Saloniki crowd is like. Include the noise, smell and indescribable dirt and you have Saloniki complete.

Familiar Traffic Officer.

The roadway is packed with traffic, too. Slow moving bullock carts hold up the flying motor lorries and the horse and mule transport of the allies comes and goes in a never-ending stream. Leaving the English quay, we come to a large open space, the junction of four of the principal thoroughfares, and here the press is worse than ever. This is Piccadilly circus, for wherever the English soldier goes he dearly loves to christen places after familiar spots in the home country. It may be a communication trench or it may be a road or street, it is all one to him and a name it has. In the middle of all this is a tall khaki-clad military policeman. With a wave of his arm he holds up the stream of traffic to allow our column to pass. There is something very familiar in that majestic action, it is done so naturally, there is no shadow of doubt in his expression as to the signal being instantly obeyed. Our soldier policeman is in his element, his present job is not new, it is child's play for him, this handling of a few lorries and a swarm of noisy Orientals after the traffic in Piccadilly over the sea—or it may have been the Marble arch—for his name and number will be found in the roll of honor of the London police force. He has done a bit of soldiering since he left England and now he is once again the guardian of the public, a power to be reckoned with.

We gladly received him as an old friend, a link with home, and later we appreciate his full worth when, as a wanderer on pass, we inquire the way to the Bank of Athens or the field cashier. His sphere of usefulness does not end there, for he it is who knows when and where the "busses" go, for the motor lorry is your only means of transport to and from the town. He has a paragraph all to himself here and he deserves it, for he is one of the happy recollections of a wanderer in the East.

Camera Detects Bad Eggs.

Bad eggs are unfailingly detected by the camera. This has been demonstrated in France, where experiments are being conducted with a photographic egg-testing apparatus, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The idea of utilizing the camera instead of the human eye for candling is a new one. So far it has not been carried past the laboratory stage, but even though its obstacles prevent its commercial utilization at present, it is of more than passing interest. Eggs are held in a half dozen oval holes provided in a metal plate. Their large ends point toward a common center. While intense light is passed through them, they are photographed. A powerful lens is used and an exposure ranging upward to three minutes is made. The result is a picture that shows the size of the air chambers in the eggs.

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Grizelda's Wild Oats

By JANE OSBORNE

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Down there in the tropical loneliness of a Panama engineering camp Bob Lamar had seen the picture of Helen Ferrel and it had seemed to him as if all the loveliness that the word woman could possess for him was indicated in those calm, level eyes, that oval cheek, the firm, well-molded mouth and the small feminine chin. Helen's brother, Gregory Ferrel, had shown him the picture and when he saw that the picture apparently meant more to Bob than to himself he gave it to him, sure that Bob would be entirely worthy of the gift. Not a great deal passed between the young engineers regarding the picture, but when they parted at the end of their work there together it was agreed that as soon as Bob could return to the northern state where the Ferrels made their home Gregory would introduce them. And having arrived home before Bob, Gregory Ferrel did not lose any time in informing his family of the countless virtues that made Bob Lamar "the finest fellow in the world."

"He's the kind of fellow that can go through the world without a single scratch," he said one day in his sister's hearing. "He's the most masculine man I ever know," he continued for the benefit of Helen, "but I don't believe he ever sowed a wild oat in his life. Some girl will be lucky to marry him—that is, of course, if he ever takes the notion to marry."

Helen registered her interest in the character so glowingly painted by her brother by blushing ever so slightly and looking more intently than ever at her knitting. But Grizelda, eighteen-year-old "child" of the family, tossed her brown locks and said something that sounded like "poo-poo."

"Just 'cause a man never sows any wild oats doesn't mean he's the 'finest fellow in the world,'" she announced. "You are pretty nice and I guess you sowed some, Greg. I guess there are some people that just can't help being

"Could You Go With Me?"

foolish enough once in a while," and Grizelda might have gone on with her theory of wild oats sowing had she not been cut short by a reproving, "Grizelda, why do you say such awful things?" from the elder sister.

A month later Bob Lamar had returned to civilization in general and to the section of civilization in which the Ferrels had their being in particular. Through a few brief letters exchanged it was arranged Bob Lamar should visit the Ferrels on a certain week-end in June and, though nothing was said to indicate that Bob's visit was designed especially that he might meet Helen, the entire Ferrel family seemed to make preparations with that end in view. That is, all the family but Grizelda.

When Gregory met Bob at the station of the town where the Ferrels lived there was something grave and serious in the face of Gregory that immediately solicited an inquiry from Bob.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Bob asked. "Helen isn't ill—or—or anything?" Her name had not been mentioned since his arrival, five minutes before.

"Why, no, Helen is not ill. But to tell you the truth, you have come at a rather trying time. I'm afraid you will feel the depression of it—you see, my sister, Grizelda—"

"Oh, the little girl with the brown ringlets."

"She was a little girl in the picture you saw," Gregory said, "but she's grown up since then. She's eighteen—and the ringlets were brown."

"Well, what color are they now?" laughed Bob.

"That's the terrible thing," said Gregory, still very tragically. "I didn't think I'd tell you, but I suppose I had better. They—the ringlets, are—I hardly know how to tell you. But Grizelda had her hair bleached. Yesterday she was a brunette, and now she is as golden-haired as a peroxide show girl."

Bob, in spite of Gregory's tragic air, laughed outright. "Well, it'll all come in brown again," he said.

"Yes, but in the meantime—in the months that pass before that! What will people say. Imagine a daughter of Theosophus Ferrel, church warden, and president of the board of education, with peroxide hair. Of course, no one must know. Of course, father was frightfully enraged about it. Grizelda tried to explain and he stormed at her at first and then when he asked her about it she was sullen and wouldn't say anything. It happened last night—she came home that way before dinner, and she's been in her room ever since. We didn't want to have even the servants see. Of course, we'll have to send her away somewhere—till it comes in brown. We haven't decided just where she'll go. If there were only convents now as there used to be where girls could go to retreats or something. I suppose she'll just have to go to some out-of-the-way farm. It will take about six months, I suppose. And we don't know what we'll tell people. It's a very ugly business, Bob."

Bob was no longer inclined to laugh. He looked as sad as Gregory, but his eyes were softer. "Poor little kid," he murmured, but Gregory did not hear it.

"Please don't let any of the family know I told you about this," he said. "And, Bob, please don't think that Helen is at all that sort of girl. Helen and Grizelda are as different as two sisters could be—she has absolutely no patience with the child."

Perhaps it was because or in spite of all effort on the part of the Ferrels to act as if the dreadful thing that had happened had not happened. At any rate the meeting of Helen Ferrel and Bob Lamar was not quite what anyone concerned had expected it would be. To be sure, Helen had changed almost none since the picture that Bob had treasured had been taken. She was the same Helen and Bob was the same Bob, but there was no quick look of understanding between them that was part of the meeting as every one had planned it. Perhaps this was because Bob was preoccupied. As soon as he could conveniently do so he made a strange request of Gregory. "I want to see Grizelda," he told him. "I can't get her out of my mind. I want to talk to her. Poor youngster—we all sow our wild oats, and hers have been of a very tame sort—but she's going through worse torture for it than you and I did for the worst crop we ever sowed."

Under protest, therefore, Gregory did secrete Bob up the back stairway and into Grizelda's prison—a room that had been the schoolroom when the children were young and was now the barest room in the house. Bob asked to talk with the girl alone.

He told her to begin with that he had come to her as the best friend that she had, and then laughing a little and taking her warm young hand, asked her to tell him all about it.

"Well, you see, they wouldn't let me tell them. I said I didn't mean to do it, and they said I did, so I thought if they thought I wasn't telling the truth I wouldn't tell. Well, it was this way. You know Helen has that nice glinty kind of hair and so has Gregory, and they've always told me my hair was potato color. And there was a girl at school and she said if I let her wash my hair with something her mother had in a bottle my hair would come out with glints in it, and no one would know, but they'd just think it was getting that way. Well, I went home with her and first time we used it, it didn't make much difference, so we used more the next time and when—when it dried it was this color. And that's how it happened and now we're all disgraced and I'm just as wicked as if I'd done something perfectly dreadful. They're going to send me away," she said without a tear. "If they really loved me they wouldn't."

"Poor little girl," said Bob, and then he took the little blonde head on his shoulder and smoothed the hair tenderly back from her fair young forehead. "Every one makes a mistake once in a while—" he began.

"But you never did," said Grizelda definitely. "Gregory told Helen you hadn't and Helen says she never could marry a man that had sowed any wild oats. Nice people don't do foolish things like this, do they? Helen would be furious if she knew you had seen me—did you think Helen was beautiful?" eagerly asked the girl, who had wormed it out of Gregory before that Bob Lamar had Helen's picture.

"I'm not thinking about Helen just now, except perhaps to think that she would never want to marry me, anyway. I was thinking of a way out of this. I'm going out to Japan—next week. I'll be gone six months. The hair would be in brown again by that time, and in the meantime what difference would it make? Little Grizelda—I decided never to go away from civilization again without one of my own kind. Could you go with me—would you marry me, right away quietly, right here and slip back to New York and off to Japan with me?"

It was Grizelda's only way out of her difficulty, but she was supremely happy, and even Helen Ferrel forgave the slight, since it saved the family honor.

"It really is wonderful," she sometimes remarked to Gregory, "that a man who had never done anything wild himself could sympathize so with one who had been so foolish."

And Gregory never suggests that perhaps there were chapters in Bob Lamar's life that had been as wild as the bleaching of Grizelda's hair.

Overpowered.

"You've let your war garden run to weeds." "Yep. Found that the enemy was too much for me."

Fish Bath.

A name to which is attached a wealth of the romance and reputation of traveler and writer is that of Lady Lugard, in the British empire honors list. She was Miss Flora Shaw in former days, and of her travels there are many humorous incidents to tell. Once, for instance, on arriving at an up-country town in South Africa, the people wished immediately to do her honor. But Miss Shaw asked that she might first be allowed to have a wash. She had to wait a little time before water was brought to her, and then the fish that she was to have for dinner had already been cooked in it!

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Veteran Proud of Standing.

Edward P. Weaver, formerly of Bangor, Me., claimed the distinction the other day of being the oldest officer yet graduated from the free government navigation school conducted by the United States shipping board recruiting service. He is sixty-nine years of age. Mr. Weaver, who had many years' experience as a seaman, decided while at New Orleans some weeks ago to enter one of the schools and train for a deck officer for the merchant marine. He passed the rigid physical test without difficulty and completed the course.

Canadian Emphasis.

By the bye, don't be shocked by our damning and swearing. It doesn't mean the same in Canada as it does over here. It's natural to us. In Canada everyone swears. My little boy—he was six years of age at the time—was swearing one day in the kitchen and the cook told him if he was not careful his teeth would drop out. He looks up at her—only six years of age, mind you—and says, "Daddy's teeth haven't dropped out!" What do you think of that?—Gen. Alec McDougall, Canadian Forestry Corps, in London Chronicle Interview.

Portugal's Many Holidays.

Christmas day is not so generally observed as New Year's day. It has, moreover, only three different dates. The only country whose holidays reveal little of its political, racial or religious origin is Portugal. This is its calendar: January 1, dedicated to universal brotherhood; January 31, dedicated to the memory of all those who fought and died to establish the republic of Portugal; May 3, in memory of the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese; June 10, municipal holiday at Lisbon; June 24, municipal holiday at Oporto; October 5, the date of the establishment of the Portuguese republic; December 1, flag day, to commemorate the independence of the country; December 25, family day.

"Omnibus Bill."

The term "omnibus bill" was applied to a series of measures passed through congress in 1850, largely through the influence of Henry Clay, intended as a sort of compromise on the slavery question. The chief provisions were the admission of California as a free state to the Union, the organization of the territories of Utah and New Mexico, without restrictions on slavery; the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and a fugitive slave law. Debate in the senate on these propositions lasted about two months, and was participated in by many of the leading men then in congress, as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Seward, Chase, Douglas and others.

Dispute Over Tower of Babel.

The exact location of the original tower of Babel has never been determined—the question has been disputed in almost as many tongues as resulted from that first unlucky attempt to build a skyscraper. Near the ancient city of Babylon are two ruins, for each one of which is claimed the honor. One is a crumbling pile of stones and bricks on the banks of the Euphrates, and the other the ruined tower known as Birs Nimrud, a few miles south of the city. Birs Nimrud seems to have the honors in the contest at the present time, the majority of Biblical scholars having thrown the weight of their opinion in its favor.

Save the Eyes.

In this day of intense driving of the human mechanism anything that adds to its efficiency is greatly desirable. The care of the eyes is one of the greatest necessities. Eyes that are very troublesome should be thoroughly examined by a competent oculist. If one is doing a great deal of studying where much scratch paper is used a great amount of the strain upon the eyes may be removed by the use of yellow paper. Also a yellow or green thickness of tissue paper tied around the light bulb will give great relief. Save the eyes to the utmost. It pays in large returns.

Origin of Pawnbroker's Sign.

An effort was recently made to learn from the users the origin and significance of the universal sign—the inevitable and universal three balls. Pawnbrokers didn't know, but the fact is the device is an ancient Jewish symbol of money, a Hebrew dollar sign. It is taken from the design of the Judean shekel in circulation a century or so before the Christian era. This coin bore the formalized design of three connecting branches, from a single stem, each bearing a pomegranate. The similarity to mine uncle's gilded decoration is very apparent.—Detroit News.

Rogation Days.

Though Rogationtide is not specially observed now in England in the manner it used to be, when processions went up and down the streets, in some parts the old ceremonials survive. Here and there in Suffolk, for instance, one finds on Rogation days the clergy, choir, and congregation going in procession through the fields, singing psalms, and halting in certain places for prayer and intercession for the crops. The meaning of Rogation days is days of intercession for protection from calamity and for a good and bountiful harvest.

The Right Kind.

"Did the rich American get any ghosts in the old castle he leased?" "I understand he found quite a stock of good old family spirits in the cellar."

Its Class.

She—"I heard a noise very late when you came in." He (facetiously)—"Was it the night falling?" She (sternly)—"No; it was the day breaking."

Charles M. Cole,

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THE IDEA

"My boy, it's no use to cry over spilt milk."

"Milk, nuthin'! D'you s'pose dad wishes de can fer milk, huh?"

JUST MISSED

"Wot's you so tickled about, Willie?"

"Why, I almost had a dime today! I axe pop fer ten cents and he said no. If he'd said yes, I'd had it!"

SHE WAS WISE

The Comedian—Is it true that your husband is the backer of this production?

The Leading Lady—Nix. Do you think I'd let my husband back a show like that?

How Fast Dogs Can Run.

A fox terrier, as we all know, will follow his master's carriage for hours without signs of fatigue. Wolves will travel 50 miles in a night. Nansen and his men foxes on the ice nearly 500 miles from land. Eskimo dogs can travel 100 miles in five hours, according to an authority, who relates that he drove his dog team seven miles an hour. A Siberian dog, on record, will draw about 60 pounds; a domestic dog, at full speed, can cover a space of from 33 to 49 feet. Setters and pointers, about 30 miles an hour, and they can keep this speed for two or three hours. Greyhounds are very fast, the fastest trial one of them beat a hare, covering four miles in half minutes. Greyhounds at the rate of 5 to 75 miles an hour. Horses cannot exceed 40.—Forest and Stream.

Here Is Shown a Separate Tunic Blouse of White Chiffon Embroidered in Circles of Blue, With Two Ruffles of Plaited Chiffon Below the Waist. Sash and Skirt of Crepe de Chine.

BE OWN DESIGNER AMERICA'S SLOGAN

Women No Longer Depend on Shops and Choose Their Clothes Blindly.

WAR CAUSING NEW ACTIVITY

Conditions Compel the Adoption of New Schemes to Fit the Purse and Opportunities—No One Fashion Prevails.

New York.—Fashions are rarely fixed, but never have they seemed to fluctuate more fluently and perversely than now. It does not need a Diogenes with a lantern, asserts a foremost fashion writer, to find the reason for this condition. Certain raw materials are lacking; labor grows scarcer every moment, although it shouldn't with so many women to be employed, and the designers put out in the morning whatever they dream of at night.

To the observer these days are fascinating. To the woman who thinks she has settled the question of clothes for an entire season by buying her costumes at the beginning of it, the situation is not only perplexing but irritating.

It is quite useless for the world to go against human nature by preaching standardization of apparel or food. We will not eat the same dishes three times a day 365 days in the year, and we will not wear the same gown ten hours a day for twelve months. If we can't get raw materials to diversify our food and apparel, at least we can stimulate the appetite and the eyes by mixing what we have into new forms.

Everyone Plays on Fashions.

Viewed from the airplane point of view, it looks as if the entire world of women will attempt to bring out something new in clothes for themselves or for their neighbors.

This does not mean that they have ceased to work for the Red Cross. It only means that such work has intensified their desire to dress well before the public, and has brought them into such an active current of air that they see new things and think of them with brains that might have been almost atrophied from inaction before the war. Stimulate a brain in one direction, you know, and it reacts in all directions.

Stimulation is the heart and soul of life, and it is undoubtedly the means of producing the very best kind of national dressing. It will cause a woman to rebel against looking as if she belonged to a procession in which every member must dress alike. It kindles a flame in the brain, which heats it up and makes it respond to whatever there is in it of creative power.

Therefore, every woman becomes her own designer. She no longer goes to a shop and takes the gown that she is assured "everyone is buying." Once she regarded that phrase as the decree of power; today she listens to it with a shrug of her shoulders and usually insists that that's the last gown she wants to buy.

Heretofore the woman with slender opportunities and rare contact with the outside world chose her clothes blindfolded, led by the hand of the saleswoman to whatever was cut by the hundreds and sold by the thousand.

Today she is quite worldly wise. She has seen too much; she has come in contact with the moving world. She may buy a gown that is cut out by the hundreds, but she gives a small price for it, knowing that she can remedy the poor sewing at home, put on some better lace or tulle and add to the insufficient quantity of hooks and eyes—at a cost of less than five dollars, let us say.

She is not so easily hoodwinked as she was, because the public was as much to blame for the constant repetition of one model, sold at varying prices, according to the overhead charges, as the dressmakers and shops.

French Women and Clothes.

Soon these women will be trained into the same kind of power that has governed France for 300 years. The French dressmakers do not govern the styles in Paris; it is done by the women who wear the clothes. They are artists; they are skilled in the science of clothes, and it is their insistence upon changes and peculiarities, their experimentation in new things, which guides the designing world into a sure groove of success.

Mark my words, we are going to get that class over here through the war. A whole new scheme of things in apparel has broken loose among women. When they begin to get more and more exacting about variety, when they learn how to cater to their own types, and when they suggest to designers who have heretofore been inaccessible and haughty, then we will create our own fashions, and not until then.

There will always be a large segment of women who will take the designer's word on fashions, their suitability and their popularity, but this grows smaller each month, under pressure of a certain set of circumstances that are overturning the usual schedule of life.

You can see for yourself how the stimulation will extend to all the quarters of trade. If women say to a high-priced dressmaker that they don't want such and such a gown, because it is repeated on all sides and is unsuited to their type, then the dressmaker must design something that is suitable and has character, or she will lose her trade.

France cannot fear competition. She approves of intelligent co-operation and until we give her that we will always be in the hands of what she calls the third party; we will be dressed through the judgment of buyers, who have brought from France models that they thought would be popular in America.

No One Fashion Dominates.

Do not expect any of us who write of fashions, therefore, to be consistent. We are telling the news from day to day as we know it. It is quite useless to prophesy. It is silly to say that any one fashion dominates. If we tell you that gowns are buttoned up the back, and then say that we have gone back to primitive drapery in which no fastenings are used, we are not stumbling awkwardly. We are merely reflecting the fact that one woman wears one thing, while another wears something else. This should help you in your own scheme of seasonable costumery.

To get down to the bare bone of news, Lewis, the milliner of Paris, has exploited for the summer resorts hats with the largest brims that have ever been worn. If women were in danger of having a papal decree issued against them for wearing obstructive fashions, as they did when they defied the church and wore the hennin, they would surely merit it this summer in these hats.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Macaroni Beans.

The "macaroni beans" of north Manchuria, a peculiar product described in a recent commerce report, are consumed entirely by the Chinese farmers. The beans are of two kinds—a red and yellow variety that is very floury, and a small green bean that is unusually glutinous—and for use the two are mixed together, ground into flour and made into a paste, which is forced through small holes into long strips or noodles. These dry quickly and keep well in any climate. They are cooked in water like macaroni or vermicelli, and this method of using [illegible]

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CURING HAY CROP IN COCK IS BEST

Method Now Generally Practiced Where Best Quality of Legume Is Desired.

EXTRA LABOR IS REQUIRED

Found Necessary to Get Rid of Water in Plant Evenly—Correct Way to Build Cock When Working With Green Hay.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the best methods of curing hay is to cure in the cock. This method is not generally practiced except in regions where unfavorable weather is the rule rather than the exception, or when the best quality of legume hay is desired. Throughout the middle West, where hay loaders are used, hay is not cocked because of the extra labor required and the inability to handle cocked hay with the hay loader.

It has been shown that it is necessary to get rid of the water in the plant evenly. On a sunshiny day hay must be raked after it has been in the swath a certain length of time, or the leaves will become dried out and lose color. When it is raked into the windrow a smaller proportion of the hay is exposed to the action of the sun's rays. After remaining in the windrow, where further curing is done, the time is reached when it becomes necessary to remove the hay in order to retain a good color and aroma.

Cure Hay in Cocks.

When this stage is reached the next thing to do is to put the hay into the cock, where a still smaller proportion of the hay will be exposed to the sun. The curing process is not stopped when hay is cocked, but goes on less rapidly than when in the windrow and much more slowly than when in the swath. The hay in the cock continues to lose its moisture slowly until it is cured out sufficiently to be baled or put into the stack or barn. The time required for curing will depend upon the moisture content when cocked, the amount of hay put into the cock, and also upon weather conditions.

Under ordinary conditions hay will cure in the cock in from three days to a week. Hay cocked too "green" will cause heating. The larger the cock the more danger there is of heating when undercured hay is cocked. Hay is put into cocks containing from 75 to 100 pounds of cured hay. About 100 pounds is the size most commonly used in many sections.

Cloudy and rainy weather not only retards curing but may cause heating if the rain enters the cock. When

Curing Hay in the Cock Under Caps—When Weather Conditions Make It Necessary to Cure Hay in the Cock It Is Advisable to Use Hay Caps.

cocked hay shows danger of becoming too hot it will be necessary to open the cock and scatter the hay out until it has lost enough moisture to be recocked.

Hay can be put in small cocks greener than in large ones. Some farmers take hay from the windrow and make very small bunches, each containing about three forkfuls of hay, before the hay is in condition to be put into a regular sized cock.

How to Cock Hay.

There are two ways to make a hay cock. One is to roll up the hay in the windrow into a rather loose cock or bunch, or to round up (cock) bunches of hay that have been bunched with a sulky or push rake, after the hay is almost cured. The bulk of the hay in this kind of a cock is not handled, being left rolled up and tangled from the action of the rake. The edges are pulled out with a pitchfork and put on top of the cock. Such cocks are subject to considerable settling, and flatten out and do not shed rain. This practice is suitable for curing in good weather, as a man can handle more than twice as much hay as when cocking the other way. It is a waste of time, however, to cock hay in this manner if it is to be exposed to rain, unless hay caps are used; for the rain will wet and spoil the hay.

The best and correct way to build a cock, when working with fairly green hay, is to take the hay, a forkful at a time, and spread it out flat. Care should be taken to build a good, symmetrical cock, in the same manner as a stack is built. The top should come to a sharp peak, and, when the last forkful is on the sides, should be raked downwards so that the stems will cause rain to run off and away from the center of the cock. Cocks built in this manner will shed considerably more rain than when most of the hay is rolled up or bunched. Well-cocked hay covered with caps can, if necessary, remain in the field over a week.

Art Note.

There appears to be a gang of sculptors making bases of near-statesmen in Washington. Scraping a statesmen is making a bust of sculpture. Such statues ought to be deferred until a man shall have been dead ten years and then a very little of it will need to be made.—Houston Post.

POULTRY FACTS

BREEDING POULTRY IN YARDS

More Difficult Than Keeping Small Flock of Hens for Eggs for Family Table.

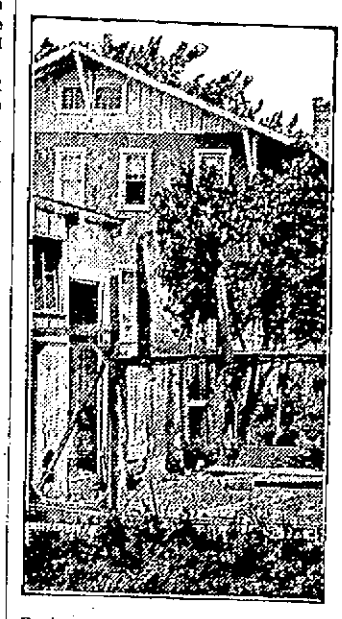
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The average city family will, perhaps, do best by keeping hens for eggs alone, but a considerable degree of success can be attained in breeding poultry in back yards and in many instances it may be desirable.

By breeding poultry is meant mating a male and one or more females to reproduce the parent type; hatching the young, and so rearing them that they will attain the full development of good typical specimens of their race. In a small way this can be done in quite a limited space. It is more difficult than keeping a small flock of hens for eggs for the table, or growing a few chickens for the table in the same space, but with regular attention and good care very satisfactory results are obtained. Good work under adverse conditions often gives better results than poor work under good conditions.

The smallest breeding pen for work on this scale and with only one mating should have a male and two females. With two hens, the pen will provide eggs for hatching at the rate of a sitting every week or ten days, thus making it possible to set all eggs while the germs are strong. If a small flock is kept also for eggs for the table, hens from that flock may be used to hatch and brood the chickens. If the laying hens lay eggs of a different color from those laid by the breeding hens, all may be kept together. The layers may not produce as many eggs while fed as breeders should be, but there is a saving in space and work, and the net result may be as good as if more eggs were secured.

Rations for breeding stock differ from laying rations in that much smaller proportions of commercial animal foods are used, and special atten-



Poultry Raising Under Such Conditions While Profitable, Requires More Attention Than Where Greater Space Is Available.

tion is given to supplying green feed regularly and abundantly. Heavy egg production is not desired. The object is to have the birds in perfect physical condition and at the height of vitality, that they may more surely transmit these qualities to their offspring.

The greatest difficulty in back-yard breeding is rearing the young birds to secure their best development. As growing birds are more susceptible to adverse conditions than mature birds, and birds in close confinement are less rugged than those at liberty, the back-yard breeder must give the most scrupulous attention to every detail of the care of his young chickens. Shortcomings which might have no bad consequences with the adult birds, or with young chickens under more favorable conditions, may have very serious ill effects upon his young stock. However, by looking properly after all their wants and taking care not to overcrowd them in any way, fine specimens may be grown in yards where the space allowance is not more than 20 to 30 square feet per bird.

MAKING BEST USE OF GRAIN

All Old Hens and Poorly Developed Chickens Should Be Culled Out and Sold for Meat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If efforts were made to dispose of all hens when their best laying days were over a large quantity of poultry meat would be placed on the market. All poorly developed chickens should be culled out and sold for meat, also. This would allow the poultry keeper to make the best use of his grain by feeding it to younger and more productive fowls.

A bottle can be labeled easily and permanently by painting on it in the desired place an oblong in white paint or enamel. The painting can be done roughly and the edges trimmed by wiping with a pointed piece of wood covered with a thin rag. When the paint is partially dry, the surface may be scratched away with a hard pencil in the form of the letters required, and the bottle then left for the drying to finish. I have labeled many in this way, and have found the method very successful, as paint is not readily affected by most photographic chemicals.—Exchange.

MUST MAKE GOOD TO GET BIG JOB

Y. M. C. A. Workers Given Severe Test Before Getting Important Work.

NOT WHAT THEY EXPECT

Have Visions of Performing Heroic Services and Then Find That War Is Not All Romance and Visions.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

Paris.—On the way across the ocean the good-looking girl in the natty, new uniform sat in a steamer chair, her eyes hazy while she dreamed a dream of what her work in France was to be. One had a hint of what that vision was, for now and then, her voice low with suppressed emotion, she would talk a bit about it. In her mind's eye she saw herself somewhere out by No Man's Land, crouching beside a wounded boy in khaki whose last words she was taking down while she ministered to his last, parting wants. It was a fine, heroic dream, that dream of hers.

In a nearby chair sat another war worker, this one a man. He too had a dream, and the dream was even more heroic than the girl's. Out in the front-line trenches he saw himself standing by with the boys in khaki, the air overhead filled with the puffs of deadly bursting shrapnel while he too, heroically brave, ministered to the wants of his charges.

Altogether Different.

The writer has just returned from a trip among a line of camps. There was a Red Triangle hut near the entrance of one camp. One side of the hut was flanked by a steaming mess kitchen; across a rutted road, a channel of traffic filled with men, mules, motors and trucks, was a stockade filled with German prisoners of war.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary met the writer at the door. The secretary looked tired, fagged, worn out. In spite of that, however, his air was cheerful, brisk, cordial.

Inside all was spick and span. There was a scattering handful of boys in khaki, the majority colored soldiers, who belonged about the place. At the hut's other end was a counter and behind the counter were two familiar faces.

One was the girl who'd sat in the steamer chair, her eyes hazy as she'd dreamed her dream. The other was the man who'd come across with her—the fellow who'd seen himself framed heroically amidst the bursting shrapnel.

A trio of soldiers was draped about the girl's counter. The three, it happened, were whites. About the other counter were four other soldiers, and all the four were black. The man, a damp, muggy towel in his hand, was mopping off the counter. The look on his face was the same look one beheld on the face of the girl. It was a look of bored, excruciating weariness.

"What'll you have, eggs?" he was murmuring to a big Galveston roustabout.

The girl, her voice even more listless, was saying: "Cigarettes are 75 centimes the pack. No, there is no chewing tobacco today."

Their Bubble Pricked.

As they saw the writer it would be difficult to describe the look that spread upon their faces.

The girl was the first to regain her poise.

"I'm very well, thank you. The work? Oh, yes. It's not exactly what I thought it would be, but then, C'est la guerre." It took a struggle, though, for her to say it. Chewing tobacco, chocolate and cigarettes—that instead of glory.

The man was more brief.

"The war—what do I think of it? It's eggs, mostly—fried eggs."

Their bubble had been pricked. They were seeing the war, a large part of it anyway, face to face with its realities.

Outside, the hut secretary with a grin stopped to bid the writer good-by.

"That's the way with a lot of them from over home," he remarked. "They come over here, thinking they're going right up to the front where they can have a hand in the big show. But they're all right. That girl's got the right stuff in her, and after she's been tried out here a while she'll have a chance at bigger things. The man, too, is coming on. He's had a jolt just as all of us get it over here, but when he gets the romance all wiped out of him he'll be a mighty valuable person for our sort of work. No, there's mighty little romance in this man's scrap. You can't do much joy riding just now in France."

DIES AT THE AGE OF 102

"Granny" MacWilliams Was a Friend to All the Neighbors' Children.

Brooklyn.—Mrs. Mary C. MacWilliams, one hundred and two years old, known to hundreds of Brooklyn children as "Granny," is dead at the King's County hospital. She was taken there from her home, 101 Stockton street, two weeks ago, suffering the infirmities of advanced age.

The widow of Robert MacWilliams, who was killed in the Civil war, "Granny" MacWilliams lived for many years at the Stockton street house. She received a pension and managed her affairs so as to have a few pennies for children of the neighborhood.

Flag One Block Long.

Chicago.—A local firm of tailors asserts that it possesses the largest American flag in existence. It is half a block wide, extends approximately a block in length and decorates the building of the tailors' workshop.

Historical and Genealogical

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1918.

QUERIES.

10229. ROUSE—Who was —— Rouse, who married Margaret Young, of Edward, Dec. 28, 1776? They were both of North Kingstown—R. J.

10230. HOLME—Whom did John Holme marry Oct. 4, 1764?—O. F. H.

10231. PERRY—Who was Stephen Perry, who married Sarah Whitfield, Feb. 1, 1789? Were there any children, if so I should be glad to know their names.—A. T.

10232. COWLEY—Who was Penelope, mother of Penelope Pelham Cowley and wife of Joseph? Penelope Pelham Cowley was born Nov. 15, 1742.

10233. HAZARD—Who was Sophia Hazard who married Peleg Peckham, Jr., July 28, 1810?—H. P.

10234. EASTON—Who was Edward Easton who married Elizabeth Turner, Jan. 22, 1761? Did he have sisters? If so what were their names?—G. E.

10235. CARISS—Whom did William Cariss marry? He was a blacksmith, of Block Island. The marriage took place July 24, 1692—C. O.

10236. PERRY—Peace Perry married — Mumford, Oct. —, 1699. Can any one give the Christian name of — Mumford and full date of marriage?—P. T.

10237. BULL—Elizabeth Bull and John Vaughn were married in Portsmouth, Nov. 24, 1698. I would like to know the parentage of Elizabeth and the names of any children by this marriage.—G. V.

10238. DENTON—Daniel Denton and Lydia Sisson were married at Portsmouth by William Sanford, Nov. 6, 1744. They were both from Newport. I would like to know the names of any children by this marriage.—E. D.

10239. SINGLETON—Who was Hannah —, whose son Henry was born Oct. 9, 1763. Her husband's name was Thomas Singleton.—J. S.

10240. WICKHAM—Lieut. Col. Benjamin Wickham of Newport, R. I., born Nov. 17, 1701; died Sept. 10, 1779. Speaker of House of Deputies; married, first, Elizabeth Rebecca, daughter of George Watmough, and second, Mary, daughter of Col. John Gardner. Issue by first wife: 1, Elizabeth, b. 1736; married Lieut. Phillips Newton, English Army. 2, Deborah, b. 1739; married Capt. Nicholas Cox, of H. M. 47th Regiment. Issue by second wife: 3, John Wickham, b. 1745; d. young. 4, Col. Benjamin Wickham, b. 1747; died 1804. English Army. He married and left issue. 5, John Wickham, b. 1749; died aged 24 years. 6, Samuel Wickham, b. 1750; died young. 7, Frances, b. 1754; died 1808; married 1779 William Brenton (parents of Capt. John Brenton, British Navy, K. S. V.) 8, Mary, b. 1756; died 1790; married in 1786, as his second wife Captain Peleg Wood of Newport, American Navy. 9, Catherine, born 1757; died young. 10, Capt. Samuel Wickham, born 1758, British Navy. 11, Sarah Wickham, b. 1760, died 1838; married Captain William Wood of Newport, son of above Captain Peleg Wood by his first wife, Elizabeth Godfrey. Wanted: Names of wife and children of above Benjamin Wickham, who was born 1747 and died 1804; also of Capt. Samuel Wickham of the British Navy. At the time of the American Revolution this branch of Wickham removed from Newport.—T. W.

ANSWERS.

8926. WICKHAM—The child of Benjamin Wickham and Mary Gardiner, who was born Sept. 26, 1760, was Sarah Wickham. She died Feb. 6, 1838. Married Capt. William Wood of Newport, who died in Asia in 1807, in his 43d year. They had an only son who died unmarried.—T. W.

10223. GIDLEY—Elizabeth Brown was daughter of John and Elizabeth. Elizabeth Gidley baptized Dec. 6, 1741, may have been wife or daughter of John Gidley. No other issue is known.—G. E.

10221. Penelope Greene was the daughter of Benjamin Greene, cousin to Gen. Nathaniel Greene. The grandfather of both being Jabez Greene, who married Mary Barton. —H. R. C.

8872. BRENTON—Jahleel Brenton married Frances Cranston and had eldest child, William, who was born April 3 1716, according to Brenton Genealogies. Arnold's Vital Records Rhode Island quotes the Newport record as "b. Aug. —, 1716." Trinity Church register shows he was baptized April 28, 1726 (with his brothers and sisters). He m. Elizabeth — who died at Lansingburgh, N. Y. Oct. 1792, aged 75. They had an only child, Frances Brenton who married Solomon Townsend, 12, Jan. 1764 (Trinity Church, Newport). Solomon Townsend and Frances Brenton had —, who married first, Capt. Chase and second Dr. Barby. Wanted: The family name of Elizabeth, who married above William Brenton and name of her daughter.—T. W.

10228. WOOD—Elizabeth Wood born 1 Feb. 1748, had two sisters: Hannah, born 12 day 2 month 1750 and Sarah b. 22 Jan. 1753. These were the children of John Wood and Mary Shaw. Will W. W. state whether interested in Wood of Middletown that came from Swansea, Mass., or Wood that came there from Little Compton, R. I.—T. W.

NOTICE—Will T. A. B. kindly communicate with Genealogical Editor, Newport Mercury.

An Oversight.

Nature is wonderful, but we are not told that she gave the female elephant a larger trunk than the male.—Boston Transcript.

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Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 5th, 1918.

Estate of Joshua Dodge

REQUEST in writing is made by Alma S. Sharpe, heir at law of said Joshua Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that she, said Alma S. Sharpe, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator de bonis non of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 3d day of September at 2 o'clock P.M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourten days once week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

7-10

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 5th, 1918.

Estate of Mathew S. Barber

LULU D. BARBER, Administratrix of the estate of Mathew S. Barber, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate; and the same is received and referred to the 24th day of August at 7 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

7-10

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 5th, 1918.

Estate of Stephen Farnham

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Stephen H. Farnham, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate and the same is received and referred to the 24th day of August, at 7 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

7-10

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, August 5th, 1918.

Estate of William M. Rose

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of William M. Rose, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate and the same is received and referred to the 3d day of September at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

7-10

CONSERVATOR'S NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Aug. 10, 1918.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham Conservator of the estate of NANCY M. MOTT, of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

CARRIE E. DEWEY, Conservator

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Aug. 10, 1918.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of ADDIE E. LEWIS, late of the town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

RAY G. LEWIS, Executor.

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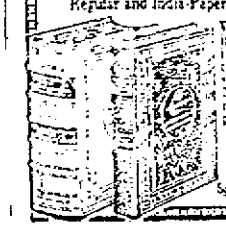

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Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 8th, 1918.

Estate of David A. Burke

JEREMIAH P. MAHONEY, Guardian of the estate of David A. Burke, of said Newport, minor, presents his petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Newport, three parcels of which are as follows:—

1. All that certain parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Easterly on Broadway, formerly called Broad street; Southerly on Branch street; Westerly on West Broadway, formerly called Tanner street; and Northerly on land now or formerly of Patrick H. Horgan, or however otherwise bounded and described, said parcel at present being subject to mortgages amounting to seven thousand dollars.

2. All that certain parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Newport and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Morton Avenue, fifty feet and thirty-five one-hundredths of a foot; Westerly on land formerly of Thomas F. Keeler and Robert A. Smith one hundred and eighty-one feet; Northerly on land now or formerly of Andrew and Mary Christensen one hundred and fifty feet; and Easterly on land of Alva J. Weaver one hundred and eighty-seven feet and eighty-eight one-hundredths of a foot; together with all the rights of said ward in and to the sewer mentioned in the deed from Dennis F. Houlihan to David P. Burke, dated September 20, 1913, and recorded in Land Evidence of said Newport in Volume 98 at pages 352 and 353; or however otherwise bounded and described, said property being subject at present to a mortgage of ($5600) five thousand and five hundred dollars, with the buildings and improvements thereon.

3. All that certain parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Newport and bounded and described as follows: Northerly on land now or formerly of William G. Peckham eighty-eight feet and two-tenths of a foot; Easterly one hundred and sixteen feet by land of Elizabeth H. Rice; Southerly seventy-five feet by Bliss Road; and Westerly one hundred and twenty-two feet and eight tenths of a foot by a proposed court, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, said property being subject at present to a Mortgage of ($3950) three thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars;

and praying for reasons therein stated, that he may be authorized and empowered to mortgage said minor's interest in said Real Estate for the purpose of paying to Julia D. Hall, formerly Julia D. Burke, widow of David P. Burke, deceased, late of said Newport, a certain sum of money in full settlement of her rights of and dower in all the real estate of said David P. Burke, deceased, in lieu of her said dower, said certain sum to be paid to her upon the execution and delivery of her release, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-sixth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

7-10-1918

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office Newport, R. I., December 1st, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution number 2666 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport on the 29th day of October, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court April 29th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1917, in favor of Jane Leonard and Andre Van Camp, co-partners doing business as Jane and Andre, in the City, County and State of New York, who sue as trustee for their Assignee, E. L. Brady Company of the City, County and State of New York, plaintiffs, and against J. C. Mallery, alias Jane Doe, of Newport aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, J. C. Mallery alias Jane Doe, had on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1917, at 53 minutes past 2 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:—A certain lot of land and the buildings and improvements thereon situated in the City of Newport and bounded and described as follows:—Northwesterly on Kay street, Northeasterly on land known as the Caldwell Estate, Southeasterly on land of Fay and land of heirs of Daniel T. Swinburne; Easterly on said Swinburne land; Southeasterly again on Greenough Place and Southwesterly on land formerly of Waldon Pell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit my own fees, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

2-9-4w

Newport, R.I., March 7, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Dequty Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., April 11, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 2, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 3d day of June, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., June 3, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 10th day of June, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., June 10th, A. D., 1918. Newport, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned, until further orders of the Court.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

6-15-tf.

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Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 8th, 1918.

Estate of David A. Burke

JEREMIAH P. MAHONEY, Guardian of the estate of David A. Burke, of said Newport, minor, presents his petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situate in said Newport, being all that certain lot or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situate in said City of Newport bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on West Broadway fifty seven feet and nine inches; Northeasterly seventy two feet and six inches on a lane leading from West Broadway to Broadway and now known as Edward Street; Southeasterly thirty feet and eight inches on land now or formerly of Patrick H. Horgan; and Southwesterly forty four feet and nine inches on land now or formerly of Patrick H. Horgan; be said measurements more or less or however otherwise bounded or described; and praying for reasons therein stated that he may be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying to Julia D. Hall, formerly Julia D. Burke, widow of David P. Burke, late of said Newport, deceased, a certain sum of money in full settlement of her right of dower in and to said real estate, in lieu of her said dower to be paid to her upon the execution and delivery of her release; and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-sixth day of August instant at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD Probate Clerk.

7-10-1918

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., December 3rd, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution number 2502 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court May 28th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1917, in favor of Driscoll, Inc., a corporation located and doing business in the City of Boston in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Mrs. J. C. Mallery of Newport, in the County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Mrs. J. C. Mallery, had at the time of this levy, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on Kay Street; Northeasterly on land known as the Caldwell Estate; Southeasterly on land of Fay and land of the heirs of Daniel T. Swinburne; Easterly on said Swinburne land; Southeasterly again on Greenough Place and Southwesterly on land formerly of Waldon Pell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded and described,

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, a 12 o'clock noon for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

2-9-4w

Newport, R.I., March 7, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A.D 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., April 11, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 2, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 3d day of June, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., June 3, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 10th day of June, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., June 10th, A. D. 1918. Newport, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned, until further orders of the Court.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

6-15-tf.